

LYRICS
FROM LOTUS LANDS



FLORENCE LAND MAY



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LYRICS FROM LOTUS LANDS

FLORENCE LAND MAY



THE POET LORE COMPANY
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BOSTON

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TO MY FATHER



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FOREWORD

The dialect poems are the result of a childhood spent at Rosedale Plantation, north Louisiana, and of later observations of negro characteristics in small towns, whereas California, in which state the writer has resided for the past six years, has proved a fount of inspiration.

The panorama of sea, sky, fog, cloud, islands, and mountains that enwraps San Francisco might well inspire a prose writer to poetic musings, which extended journeys throughout the Golden State have emphasized in the case of the author, who tentatively presents *Lyries from Lotus Lands* to the public.

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THE DANCE OF THE MAPLE LEAVES

Iris blooms are fading fast,
Trembling jade of rice fields past;
Mauves and pinks — supernal hues
Of summer rippled into dews
Of autumn. O-Kiku sheds
Colors changing from her beds,—
Woven streams and clouds and snows
Hushed into quivering changing glows.

Maple leaves o'er hillsides round:—
Yellows, reds, protean, found:—
Dance in fluttering, flowing gold.
Myriad times the story told
By dainty geisha's graceful sleeves,
Painted like the crimsoned leaves.
Bending forms, kimonas gay
The Dance of the Maple Leaves portray!

MY SHIP OF DREAMS

O Bird on dove-toned drooping wing!
O Sky! that splendid robes doth fling,—
A mantle changing for the lea,
My ship comes agèd from the Sea!
A spirit at the helm — ah me!
I send it back — and watch it far —
Its ghostly sails and dragging spar.

For Ship of Dreams it is grown gray;
And dare not let a moment stay
For 'reft am I of all save those
Memories shaded like the rose!

The Shade is Spirit of my youth
Returned to tell me all the truth.
Tho' young in heart, I'm old, you see,
Nor love, nor troth nor hope for me!

I'd cast them all in one frail bark,
When pulsed my blood as soared the lark.
O, sweetest dreams! O, meadows fair!
My ship with Love awaits me there!

A JAPANESE MOTHER'S LAMENT*

All my delight having perished hopeless I remain,
'Twas only a dream of spring, alas!
The dripping rain of my tears will never cease,
My sleeves will never again become dry,
Never again will skies grow clear for me!

*Adapted from Lafcadio Hearn's "A Woman's Diary."

I feel anxious, sad o'er the pain of his dear heart,
Knowing what already lies within my own!
A son was born to us, but alas,
Joy was transitory in our house!
From the decrees of heaven there is no appeal.

I expiate some wrong unknown, done in another
life;
Else had not all my children been taken from me.
A boy, the last, and I felt so strong to give him
birth!
Once having known the delight of a mother,
Deign to think upon what lies at the door of my
heart!

Gone, alas! the hoped-for joy of living!
A reproach am I! ^{a"} the delight having perished
Hopeless I remain ^{it} was only a dream of Spring,
alas!

THE NEW MOON RACES THE EVENING STAR

A silv'ry bow hangs low in the sky,
Where rides my Love? Where hides my Love?
She sails o'er garden and flower and tree,
Why sighs my Love? Why cries my Love?

The new moon races the evening star —
Who guides my Love? derides my Love?

Oh! Luna, a thing of rare beauty you are!
Why sighs my Love? Why cries my Love?

The moon-babies peep through the shad'wy leaf—
Why calls my Love? What 'falls my Love?
The fair lily's wrapt tight up in her sheaf —
Why sighs my own dear Love?

There's a star in the Heavens we've ever missed,
O weep, my Love — O keep my Love!
There are dews in the air that have never kissed,
Where sleeps my Love — she weeps, my Love.

Oh! Luna a thing of rare beauty you are! —
Who guides my Love — derides my Love? —
But you are never my sweetheart, my pride —
You are never my lost Love — my bride!
Where rides my Love — Where hides my Love —
Where hides my own dear Love?

O star! the dust you threw in my eyes
Deceived my Love, bereaved my Love,
Hiding 'neath lily-pads, streamlet and sky —
My dear little Love, I've lost her for aye.
Where rides my Love — where hides my Love —
Where hides my own dear Love?

I hear the song of the thrush sweep by —
O list, my Love — O hist, my Love!
My sweet little Love, I've lost her for aye,
O weep, my Love, O keep me, Love.

*The New Moon races the evening star,—
Where rides my Love!
Where hides my Love!
The moon-babies peep through the shad'wy leaf;
The Lily-bud's wrapt tight up in her sheaf;
Where rides my own dear Love?*

*Where rides my Love?
Where hides my Love?
Oh Luna! a thing of rare beauty you are!
Shining o'er lily-pad,
Mountain and star!
My dear little Love,
I've lost her for aye!*

*Where hides my Love?
Where rides my Love?
Where hides my own dear Love?
The pale star drops into silvery mist,
There are dews in the air which have never
kissed,
Where rides my own dear Love?*

TO THE PEA BLOSSOM

Ships come floating o'er my lawn,
With sails expanded; fairy down
Of rainbow fogs, made gay with drifts
Of perfect bloom 'pon mystic rifts.

Roses mounting higher — high!
Wistaria faint against clear sky!
Oriole sending liquid notes —
Song of silver to me floats!

Still it is the myriad shrouds—
Colors stolen from far clouds —
Of Pea Blossoms, faintly pale,
That swing nearer in the gale.

Tiny boats in which our hopes
Go sailing gay to meet the spring;
Perfumes distilled from fair thoughts,
Satisfying joy do bring.

Myriad sails of every hue,
Morn-enshrinèd with the dew!
Come the fairy ships like dawn —
Pea Blossoms across my lawn!

THE ADOPTED CHILD

Tiny Babe upon my breast,
Fluffing golden head at rest;
Sweetly tender, gently mild
Beats my love for my adopted child.

Gift sent drifting from the sky,
White of cheek and blue of eye,
To teach me something of that joy
Which crowns the mother with her boy.

Heir to fair ancestral name,
Lifted now above all shame:
Birth hid'n in mysterious past,
Law of Love thine own at last.

Tiny Babe upon my breast,
The way of mothers is the best.
Closer, closer, closer, Dear!
I hear my husband's step. 'Tis near.

Thy Father, child, and only thine!
Altho' I admit the whim was mine
That brought thee to us, safe and fast,
Adopted child of doubtful past.

Oh, we will make of thee a man!
We'll do it if a mortal can;
Thy part to fill our hearts so drear,
Thy part our childless hearth to cheer.

We give thee all, oh, baby, mind!
The place of Son — all love entwined!
Thou can't not know the brimming joy
As I press to my heart my little boy!

LOVE'S PAIN

There's Love's bright wing of radiant hue
Brings Love's delight to me and you,
But who can fathom, who portray
Love's pain!

Love's face beams fair with rosy light,
A beacon in the darksome night,
Yet mid her royal splendors dwells
Love's Pain.

Hope's buoyant arms dull care caressing,
Life's weary course brings still a blessing,
Yet 'neath its joy Love's restless cry
Returns again.

O'er Ocean's restless, gleaming wave,
Her caverns deep a haunting grave
Voices echo strange and drear—
Love's pain.

Nor man nor maid e'er pauses till
The breath is hushed, the heart-beat still
And hovering Angels' voices chant
Refrain.

THE BUCK EYE GLORIOUS

Flower tree with a common name,
Flower tree of glorious fame.
Spreading branch of a roseate hue;—
Washed in gold, with rivals few!

All the year thy feet of green
Trampling bravely — now are seen
O'er the mountain's sloping sides,
O'er the vales with yearning strides.

Through the silver winter's rain
Pointed to with rude disdain,
As thy polished leaves are spread
To soft sighs of winds o'erhead.

In the spring time takest thy cheer,
Suns and skies thou dost revere;
Flower-tree with a common name;
Springing into sudden flame.

Flower-tree with a common name;
Flower-tree of glorious fame;
Thus thou dost our faith renew
Spreading branch of varied hue.

THE MISTS

Ocean's near her ripples graying,
She stretches hand-clasps to skies, swaying!
Far, too far, for vision's seeing,
Wheeling gulls to the West are fleeing.

Mists of silver shroud the shore;
Slim, haunted peaks veiling o'er;
Serene *mésas* blurring fast;
Mystic maidens blow a blast.

Flowers bloom amid the mist:
Rainbows where the sun has kissed;
Silv'ry sea 'gainst silv'ry sky!
Silv'ry birds a-wing on high.

MY BARK

My bark goes merrily out to sea,
Freighted high with thoughts from me;
Sails Love-crimsoned, moist with dew,
Winds that blow my bark are true!

Gone the Spirit of my youth,
Haunted by the dreaded truth.
Dreams blown reckless to the sea,
Caught by storms—I surrender thee!

The roses in my garden sigh:
A lily breathed, aloud, her troth;
The white-bird soars so high, so high!
My doubt, sent back to me is wroth.

For Love came from the songful wave,
Love supernal, young and brave,
And manned my bark, all fluttering gold;
They come not back — and I am old!

And in my garden, sweet, I stand;
Breezes billowing o'er the land.
Beyond my window a frame of sea,—
Haunting voices float to me.

Spectral hands call, tipped with pain,—
Hands have souls that come again;
Dismembered are they from the frame
Of man, whose sin hath wrought their shame!

The roses in my garden sleep,
So nimbly the noon-odors creep; [1]
I sit alone in the wicker chair;
My spirit seems to rise in air.

And o'er the seas there comes a bark!
But see! it is more lovely — hark!
So fair the journey, serene my breath,
I cannot think that this is death! !

THE MONKEY-FLOWER

Only a yellow Monkey-Flower,
Swaying wild in a windy bower,
Springing gaily from gray stones,
Singing high in shrillest tones.

Now chattering to the bluish skies
Now hailing clouds, that flaming rise,
Wandering vessels calling home,
Sensing far the storm winds' roam.

Clinging to thy slipp'ry hold
'Neath the granite's time-seamed fold;
Curving ear to tempest's blast,
Safely lying down at last.

Slumbering lightly, soon to wake
Ere the morning's golden break!
Gay art thou, O, monkey-flower!
Gathering sunbeams for thy bower.

Pittiest thou the granite spires,
Rearing crests without desires;
Bared to heaven's piercing ray,
Scatterest brightness' long thy way.

Envying not the meadows gemmed
With topaz; golden stemmed.
Homely little useful flower
Swinging high in windy bower!

TEARS

Tears, ceaseless tears,
Why art thou flowing?
Drops of dew on the roses blowing —
Tears, ceaseless tears!

Tears, joyful tears,
Of youth so fleeting;
The maiden's answer to Love's greeting,—
Tears, joyful tears!

Tears, hopeless tears,
For Love that's dying;
Tho' fleet his step, and deep his sighing,—
Tears, hopeless tears!

Tears, sacred tears,
Old age thy token;
The impulse slowed, the spirit broken,—
Tears, sacred tears!

Tears, useless tears,
Whate'er thy mission,
Far better smiles than grief's contrition —
Tears, useless tears!

A MAN IS YOUNG AT SIXTY

We may buckle on our armor,
Laugh 'til our heads are gray,
Youth's petals have all fallen,
Though Autumn's tints be gay.

The heart is young at sixty,
The laburnum on the wall
Glows golden as the seasons
Chase each the other's call.

And Old Year saves her glories
'Til waning months, when leaves
Shift like butterflies drifting —
She gathers in her sheaves.

We need the man of sixty,
We need his mellowed brain,
We need his heart all gloried,
And gentled o'er with pain;

We need him as a leader,—
Now is his grandest chance:
A man is young at sixty,
So tune up — let us dance!

EASTER LILIES

Easter lilies, satin pale,
Twining sacred altar rail;
Starring windows, flower-wreathed,
Petal white and bud unsheathed.

Of the living Christ a symbol
With the blood of Saints a tremble;
Immortal in sweet purity,
Peaceful in security.

Stamens slim all tipped with gold
Telling story, story old,
Of that day of sweet surprise
When the Christ our Lord did rise.

Easter lilies, satin pale.
Twining sacred altar rail,
Starring windows, flower-wreathed,
Petal white and bud unsheathed.

Sailing o'er mysterious seas
Waft' by sail and friendly breeze
From thy billowing scented fields;
Fields that thy blest beauty yields.

Lef-wrapt bud unfolds, unfolds,
As the tuneful Easter holds
Bells of silver, clappers grim,
Soften as they tell of Him.

Easter lilies, satin pale,
Twining sacred altar rail,
Starring windows, flower-wreathed,
Petal white and bud unsheathed.

Easter lilies deftly turned
By weary hands, while faces burned;
Fashioned by an Art that knows
Naught but its perfection shows.

Naught of fields or clouding skies!
Whirls the dust-motes in their eyes!
Rests the tousled head, in grief,
'Pon the curve of lilied leaf.

Easter morn no church bells toll
For the child whose fingers roll
Easter lilies, phantom pale,
For the sacred altar rail.

White lilies, long, a symbol plain
Of hours crimsonéd o'er with pain!
A red, red drop upon each leaf
A burning tear 'pon finished sheaf.

Easter lilies, satin pale,
Twining sacred altar rail,
Starring windows flower wreathed,
Petal white and bud unsheathed.

VICTORY

Lo! The Gates of Eden opened!
Man, now fallen, passed and gone;
Tears for him a poisoned potion,—
A curse upon!

All gone from him, joy's confines —
Beauty's pale and mounting fires,
Senses draw aside their curtain —
Of bliss he tires!

Casts e'en from him painted cup
Of nature — filled to rolling brim;
Dooms himself to walk in shadow —
His fate with him!

Rolling centuries tell the story;
Divers nations breathe it far;
Wandering still in varying fashion —
Clinging to spar! —

Star of hope that future's fortunes,
May their voiceless hunger stay,
Prayers to God for Moloch's blessings,—
They, darkened, stray.

Rearing temples to fair heavens;
Built all "with hands"; —
Lusting down through endless ages,
'Pon shifting sands!

For power like unto the angels',
 To have, to do;
Nor voice nor tempter cried in warning:
 " This be! This do! "

And Lust reared a palace dainty;
 Wove doors of lace
O'er the clearness of man's vision —
 And masked his face!

Robbed him of his Jove-like beauty,
 Filched all his gold,—
Even as the dewdrops' shimmering quiver
 Twin pearls unfold;—

Dragged him to the dreggèd fountain
 Of base desires;
Builded shame of myriad pillars —
 The race expires!

Now his palate beauty craving
 Would make amends;
Garners nature's wildest graces —
 Her mood unbends!

She sets a seal upon his forehead —
 Some star divines —
Seals a message to his sens,
 His soul entwines.

Fainting for a higher vision,
Groping for spar!
He turns to God for His chaste blessing:
“I’ve wandered far.”

MELTING SNOWS

Dreamful snows, now melting fast,
Melting snows, thy season past;
Crowned the bearded Winter thou;
Placed fair gems on Snow Queen’s brow.

All the lockèd Winter long,
Thou the subject of our song!
Angel robes of priceless worth
Flingest thou o’er a barren earth.

Flights thou darest, which humble man,
Who’ll e’er follow if he can;
Fearless vaulting dizzy height,
E’en to bathe in star-gold night.

Cold as blizzard’s in-drawn breath,
‘Tis thy beauty prates of death:
The warmest couch that brute can find,
Lies soft and downy ’neath thy rind.

And where Borealis sends
Clouds that roseate darkness blends,
Rays of gems to circle birth
Of pale Arctic Maid of Earth,

Thou, a diamond, all unset
Save by hoary peaks all met
To form one majestic chain
To guard thy jewels from man's gain.

Melting snows as cold as death!
Sent to fan the struggling breath
Of newborn babe — e'en fairest spring —
Come with flowers on her wing; —

Rivers deep and torrents hold,
Waterfalls and chasms old,—
A hollowing hand, thou scoop'st thy way,
Brimming creeks in lovesome play.

Melting snows! thy season past!
Yet we adore thee to the last,
As on summer's peak thy gleams
Light the threads of webbing dreams.

MY OLD COMPANION

She is my old companion,
My partner trusted, dear!
We've weathered life together,
None other friend so near.

Some say her beauty's faded,
That time her face has marred,
But I see youth's radiant blooming,
E'en tho' the years have scarred.

We sit there in the gloaming,
The children come and go,
The wind sighs through the heather
Our secret dear to know.

It's Trust that laid foundation
On which have built the years —
A castle fair, no fairer
E'er robbed old age of fears.

The children loiter longer
As shorter grow our days,
And I point to their dear mother
And say: "Just learn her ways!"

THERE'S A SONG IN MY SOUL FOR YOU

There's a song in my soul for you.
There's a gem in the fallen dew;
There's a kiss in the star-beam, a sweet repose
In the golden heart of the full-blown rose.

There's love in my soul for you,
Hands full and a heart full too;
Your lips, a chalice, lifted up
For the wine of Love, a jewelled cup.

*You're my sweet, my poppy flower,
Fit to grace an emperor's bower:
And your soul is mine, is mine,
And your heart is mine, is mine!*

*Your fairy hands, your twinkling feet,
Your drooping lips and your tearfall sweet.
Sing of love, of love full blown,
Tho' your maiden's heart disown
A gift so sweet, so sweet,
So sweet — so sweet.*

MARY (MY DAUGHTER)

Mary, the sweet, the winsome,
 Blest be thy paths!
Thy ways all flower strewn—
 Thy song but laughs.

Mary the true, the faithful,
 God guard thee, dear,
Bring thee life's blessings
 Thy paths to cheer.

Thou'st been my best comfort,
 Thy feet ne'er strayed,
Nor thy girlish troubles
 Found thee dismayed.

Pure thy heart, thy soul pure,
 While thy sweet thought
Snares of youthful sorrow
 Ne'er yet hath caught.

May thy whole Fate, dear,
 Be like these days;
Choose thou the "better part,"
 Through all thy ways.

ASHES OF LOVE

Ashes, pale ashes of Love,
Scented like leaves of the Rose,
Scattered deep, deep o'er my heart;
Sacred among treasures are those!

As the flames leaped, leaped in my soul,
Curling like flower-petals white,
Gleaming like pale-faced stars
'Gainst the black pall of the night,

They burned and burned like a torch,—
Purer than vestal e'er exhumed —
Through artery, vein, and the thought
Till my soul was love-illumed.

Ashes, pale ashes so dear!
Deep as a grave is thy mound,
Covering so tenderly wrought
For our love whose limp wings are bound.

Ashes, pale ashes of Love,
Tissue of dreams Heav'n sent;
Powder whose units are gold,
Power whose force is all spent!

Yet dearer than aught was the soul
Which once spake fair to mine own;
Ashes, pale ashes, I weep
O'er the gray grief thou hast sown.

THE ONE WOMAN

Have you seen her,
Have you kissed her?
Oh, do not say that you have missed her,
For she's fair.

Would you know her
If you saw her?
In your dreams you must have kissed her,
For she's there.

Would you leave her,
Dare deceive her?
Would your manly heart bereave her —
Do not dare!

Yours forever,
Ne'er to sever,
E'en though through your life you miss her
Everywhere.

THE BLUE FLOWER

“ Blue, blue, eye-blue,”
Thy drink the deeping dew;
Fair, tender, most fair,
My heart’s for you.

“ Blue, blue, eye-blue,”
Thy face a fairy’s cup;
Sweet, pure, most pure,
When thou look’st up.

“ Blue, blue, eye-blue,”
The grass thy sacred bed,
There’s mating in the land,
Whom wouldst thou wed?

“ Blue, blue, eye-blue,”
The wind woes thee,
But the sun shines enraged,—
The wind doth flee.

“ Blue, blue, eye-blue,”
Thy mate the skies!
Whose smiling face alone
Matches thine eyes.

TO THE PINK LOCUST

O locust pink, so high, so high,
Blushing ’gainst cerulean sky,
Wafting sweets of rare perfume,
Thou the fair spring doth exhume.

Lingering, trembling in thy grasp,
Her magic hand thy leaflets clasp;
A thorn her dainty flesh doth tear,
O locust pink, thou must beware!

The spring in anger dread doth mar,
Thy blush to petals pure as pray'r;
So rarely now thy face we see,
Peeping rosily from the tree.

The locust white spreads o'er the land;
A monk he roams in ghostly band;
Yet out on ocean's western shore,
The locust, pardoned, wooes once more.

DO NOT ASK ME TO FORGET

Do not ask me to forget,
Not yet, dear one, not yet!
While your lips and mine have met
And your eyes with tears are wet!

*Do not ask me to forget—
Not yet, not yet!
Do not ask me not to kiss,—
'Tis bliss, 'tis bliss,—*

While you smile, you smile so sweet,
And the daisies kiss your feet.
While your arms around me twine,
And your heart communes with mine.

*Do not ask me not to weep,
Your love I keep,
O'er distant seas 'twill come to me,—
To me — to me!*

OH! WHY DO WE SIGH!

Oh! Why do we sigh for the love that's gone
Oh, why do we weep when the day is done;—
The day of our heart's delight,
Now shadowed from our sight!

*Bring back the day that is gone.
Bring back the love that has flown,
Bring back the pain, bring back the joy,
Bring back the gold and the alloy!*

Oh, why do we long for the kiss once more
Oh, why do I cry when I told him to go?
Why feel pain for Love that's flown?
Why see beauty when 'tis gone?

*Bring back the pressure of his arms,
Bring back the hopes and the alarms,
Bring back his trust, his faith in me!
Oh, love is but a memory.*

DREAM SHADOWS

Dreams — shadows — dreams!
Real the shadows seem.
Who has e'er the gift to tell
The shadow from the dream!

Dreams — lazy dreams,
Shadows chasing shade
Of her who weaves thy warp and woof —
The woman and the maid.

Dreams — manly dreams!
Bravely wove and spun;
But the shades of night obscure the day
E'er dreamer's goal be won.

Dreams — empty dreams!
Still sacred e'en though false —
Ever the maiden's soul enchanting
In mazes of the waltz.

Dreams—languid dreams!
While Love sails o'er the seas!
The maiden's heart expands its wings and
follows
Fast the breeze.

Dreams—frenzied dreams!
For patience long doth wait.
In dreaming fancy still he's there
Beside the shining gate.

THE WILD ROSE

Why art thou so wild,
Thou graceful flower,
Clamb'ring o'er thy bush!
A maiden seeing thee would long
To catch thee for thy blush.

Daintiest blossom of the wood,
Fair of soul, of changeful mood,
Who will claim thee, who would tame thee,
Kiss thy cheek 'til it redder glows;—
O wild Rose — sweet wild Rose!

The harebells look up to thee,
The moon longs to race with thee;
The twittering birds thy laugh have heard,
Tinkling, tinkling through the wood,
Sweetest flower — this thy mood.

The storm king coquettes with thee,
The thunder peal threats at thee,
The pelting rain falls gem by gem,—
Striving all thy glee to stem.
O wild Rose — daintiest flow'r that blows!

A laugh is all thy language —
A dewdrop crowns thy brow;
A sunbeam nestles at thy breast —
The wind doth kiss thee now:
O wild Rose — wild Rose!

*Wild rose — fairest flower that blows —
Thy smile the sweetest,
Thy nod the fleetest,
O wild Rose — O wild Rose!*

IMAGINATION

Her lips I press, red as the wine,
Her hair caress, ah! she is mine!
A prayer I breathe to the God of all,
Lest I forget and Love may fall.

Her eyelids close, her mouth's a rose,
Her cheeks' fair blossoms the south wind blows.
When our lips meet, ah! pledge of Love!
Her breath's a spirit from above!

Her pale hands flush at finger-tips,
Like lotus lilies pale her lips,
She shrinks away, afraid, it seems.
My spirit-maiden's but a dream.

MY DESERT ROSE

The south wind blows
Thy love to me,
 My Desert Rose!
My being leaps
To wed with thee,—
 My Desert Rose!

Less than thy breath
Upon the air,
Less than thy smile,
Divinely fair,
I hold my life
Without thee, sweet!
 My Desert Rose.

Less than thy footfall,
Fairy light,—
Thy feet like birds
Mated for flight,—
I hold my soul
Unwed with thine,
 My Desert Rose!

Less than the starlight
Of thine eyes,
Burning lamps from Paradise,
I hold my fate
From thee apart,
 My Desert Rose!

Oh, come, come with me, my Desert Rose!
O'er the mésa's blest repose!
By the streamlet's limpid fall;
Hear, oh, hear the joy-bird's call!

Oh, come, come with me, my Desert Rose!
List! the voice of wooded close!
With the night we'll speed our pace —
Past the ghosts of Desert's race.

Oh, come, come with me, my Desert Rose!
To a land of fair repose;
For the desert tastes of death,
Through the whirlwind's stifling breath.

Ah, at last with me, my Desert Rose!
O'er the blushing mésa goes;
Whilst the maddened death-birds swoop,
And the distant hazes loop.

Flee — thy hand in mine, my Desert Rose!
Thy heart-beat mine, my madness grows.
See! afar the desert's face!
Hasten, Love, thy faltering pace!

O ROSE SO FAIR AND SLENDER

O Rose so fair, thy stem so slender,
Where are thy thoughts the morn
When the pure sundrops kiss thy face —
Thy cheek so flushed and tender?

Why weepest thou, O queenly Rose,
When blue heavens bend above thee,
When curling cloudlets race in space
To whisper, " Oh, I love thee? "

What dream'st thou when the gaudy bee
Soaring like lordly lover
Scatters gold dust in thy face —
The gorgeous singing rover!

What thinkest thou when a mortal maid
Plucks thee for her fair tresses,
Thy frail life ended with the kiss
Which the maiden's heart but blesses?

TO MY BUNGALOW

Blow, blow, fair winds, blow
True hearts to my bungalow;
Shine sun, shine away,
Bring her thy fairest day.

For my own little love with starry eyes,
With footfall light — a sweet surprise —
Has set my heart aglow
Up here in my bungalow.

My bungalow is mountain high,
Her gables kiss the cloudless sky;
The mists float through the open door
High up in my bungalow.

No soil of earth, all pristine pure,
No stain of soul, but hopes endure;
All fresh and fair the breezes blow
Far away in my bungalow.

We stand by the window — she and I,
We watch the dazzled clouds go by;
So near are we to the heav'ns above
The angels stoop to bless our love.

MY RINGLESS HANDS

Oh, faithless cold, thy love grown old;
Thy image dear, thy presence near!
Tho' dark and drear my sad thought trends
As I gaze on my listless, my ringless hands.

Pretty they are, slender and white,
Dost remember the rainfall that first, dearest
night —

The pattering drops, the window's mist,
As our lips, lingering, kissed ?

'Round my tapering fingers there sparkled a pearl
Better fitted than diamonds for thine own little girl.
But I sent the gem back, my heart all ablaze,
O'er all I had heard of thy fickle, false ways.

As I sit by the window, the pattering rain
Almost brings back my love and assuages the pain.
In memory I clasp thee — 'tis a dream at most —
Oh, I think I have seen thy very own ghost!

A big diamond ring is pressed on my finger;
O'er this blessed fact my heart fain doth linger.
I told old dear Phil that his own little girl
Would far rather have back that same luminous
pearl.

But Phil, my beloved, has his way, as he fears
That pearls are not jewels, but sundering tears.
I kiss his bright ring, then draw off the band —
And gaze at my happy, my ringless hand.

THIS WICKED CITY

The earth leaps to skies serene,
The mountains kiss the sea;
The bay gleams fair in the soft moonbeam,
Oh, what is this to thee? Oh, what is this to thee?

For a wicked city lifts her head,
To the stars of night, when day has fled;
Ten thousand diamonds in her crown,
Ten million deck her gown.

She bleeds the country rich and fair,
For the pearls sown in her hair;
She gathers lifeblood, clot by clot,
For her rubies,— chide her not!

For so it has been since days of old,
As breath beats faint, she takes her toll:
Her sluggish veins must leap to life,—
Pleasure's to her what love's to the wife!

So, tho' 'tis a wicked city,
And 'tis sad, sad the pity
That maids' hearts must 'broider her schemes.
She sucks all our gold, the tale is old,—
Still we give her our fairest dreams,
We give her our fairest dreams!

THE SOLITARY PEAK

Only a mountain, mountain old,
Shining in a sea of gold
Crowned with snows of dazzling light,
Marvelous beauty — wonder-bright!

All thy dear companions gone
To the desert to greet the dawn —
The chariot-sun doth fling round thee
Radiant bands for all to see.

In the distant changing light,
Sudden heaving into sight,
Thou the spirit of our youth,
Holding scales of eternal truth!

Thy crest piercing spheres unseen,
Whisperest thou to farthest stars;
Thou knowest all we might have been,
Thou see'st the battles and the scars.

Thou seemest young, thou'rt old, we know—
Heaved by sighs of earth remote;
Cleft asunder — left to grow
Into form and light and snow.

Fearful are thou, Mountain Lone!
Bearing 'loft thy pure white shaft;
Swimming in 'tense swirling seas —
Light that shimmers fore and aft —

Purples clear, deep and serene,
Pinkish clouds for bridal couch;
At thy base a blackness leaps
In whose pit flame-demons crouch.

Terrible art thou, lonely peak;
Whose giddy ascents humans seek!
Chattering, heartless ghosts are they
Whom thou flingest in wrath away.

Solitary greet'st the morn!
Greet'st the eons yet unborn;
Blurred beyond mysterious clouds,
For thy high thoughts most holy shrouds!

For to God can'st show thy face!
Head all haloed, pure in grace,
Whitest peak! supernal snows
Veil a brow of rapt repose.

PASSION'S PILGRIMAGE

What is this burning in my blood —
Sweeping like a golden flood —
Picturing to my hidden thought
Desires unimagined — sought!

Rearing temples in my sight;
With altars flaming, dear delight

Of vestals, pure and undefiled:
Eyes downcast and unbeguiled! —

Sweeping me 'pon ocean's wave —
To Mermaids, where sea-dragons bathe;
Extending arms melting soft,—
Pleading to be ta'en aloft!

Rising with me to the crest
Of panting waves, with 'guiling breast;
Lying langorous in my arms,
Safe from storms and dire alarms:

Drifting me to shores unknown —
Shores strange, barren, and unshorn
Of all that makes a country great —
Left in blest primeval state!

Finding for me, savage queen —
Peeping slyly 'neath a screen
Of lashes, curling as a flower —
Dragging me to leafy bower!

Waking me from dreamful rests,
Stirring blood with weird requests,
Tiring me of forest fires;
Charging veins with mad desires!

Speeding me o'er forest drear,
Mountain, plain, till I draw near
The City of my Dear Delight
In the vague and crownèd night

Hurrying me o'er curbstone cold;
In my brain there glimmers gold
Seeking to be jewel-set
By the woman yet unmet!

Doors are closed to left and right,
Flickers 'cross my path a light:
I darkly, dumbly stumble on —
Timid in the shivering dawn!

Ashes — gritty on my lip!
Which the dews of kisses sip;
Kisses rising from that hell,
Seething flames may all dispel!

Purity fallen unlocks her door,—
Drifting spirit-like before;—
Vision, strained by maddening sight,
Born of days as black as night.

Days that vomit forth their sins;
Nights that veil the gates within
Till softly closed upon thy flight —
Swims before — unholy sight!

Back o'er forest, plain, and field --
Veins of dregs that will not yield
To smile of flow'r, skies, or song —
Drags my blasted soul along!

Maidens pass in two and threes —
Laughing as a summer's breeze —

Shun the wreck of what was I
As my lonely shade goes by!

Sigh of youth or tottering age!
Passion,— all thy force I gauge;
Fling thee from me — thing accursed!—
Throat thou art of sin athirst!!!

STAR-LADY

O star-lady! so far away —
The regret of to-morrow, the gift of to-day—
O'er billows fair thou'st set thy sign,
The signal thine, the joy all mine,—
 O star-lady!

O star-lady! To kiss thy hand
Beneath thy smile I humbly stand —
To think and dream all day of thee;
Oh! that were full earth's bliss for me!
 O star-lady!

O star-lady! thy lips to press!—
Love's lambent flame, a flower's caress,
May charm the tide in thy cold breast;
Were worth life's toil or lover's quest,—
 O star-lady!

O star-lady! had'st thou been true,
My life, my love, my soul for you!

My heart's blood filtered through the sieve
Held by thy hand, a spell to weave;
O star-lady!

Life's tones of dim, dull browns and grays,
Life's tasks well fitted through joyless days,
Thy sign still pointing in the skies
To steel my hand yet blind mine eyes;
O star-lady!

Thy days of whitely burning lights,
Thy silver eyes and golden nights
Do mock and madden still my brain,—
One follower only of thy train;—
A broken link of endless chain.

Breathe not, lest in thy burning guess,
Thy mem'ry's darkling wilderness
Of rayless joys and rsee remorse
May halt thy step and pause thy course,—
O lady-star!

O star-lady! so far away;
The ghost of drear to-morrow
Is the passion of to-day;
Yet it haunts me, calls me, bids me stay;—
O star-lady!

O star-lady! thy radiant beams
Thy golden head with shimmering gleams
Still pure and stainless,
Holy seems!
O star-lady!

MY CROSS

*"Take up thy cross!" Thy cross is mine:
Loving I bear it, Christ divine.
My cross!—things great, things small;
Thy radiance lighting all.*

My cross — the burden of the world
Like thunder 'thwart my path 'tis hurled;
I turn aside, the bolt to shirk,—
Behold! I find I've still my work.

I cannot drop the cross — 'tis Thine!
Tho' staggering, shift it as I may.
I seem to see Thy spirit yet,
Gleaming thro' the darkened way.

My cross — to lift the load of shame,
My cross — to lead the fallen to Thee;
No soul so lost, no life so dark,
But can Thy star, by searching, see.

My cross, perhaps, a little thing;
The trifles Thou did'st not despise;
To caress a child, uplift a flower,
To bring a smile to hopeless eyes.

And as each loving deed I've done,
Deeming it gracious, because 'twas Thine,
Behold! my cross becomes so light,
I hug it gladly, call it mine.

I gaze upon the road I've come—
'The cross is heavy, and thorns the crown;—
And lo! I find a path of flowers.
'Twas my own doubt that weighed me down.

Thy cross is ever light and free,
To all who bear it lovingly.
We must not falter 'long the way,
Nor deem the path too rough to Thee.

COULD YE NOT WATCH WITH ME ONE HOUR

O weary heart, whose fainting beat
Wo's sin to guide thy faltering feet,
Where is thy God-head, where thy power —
“ Could ye not watch with me one hour? ”

One hour only at the Gate —
What loss if still the hour, and late;
Or sad the clouds which o'er thee lower,—
“ Could ye not watch with me one hour? ”

Serener joys awaiteth thee,
O hearts that chasing shadows flee,
The sorrowing crown buds into flower;—
“ Could ye not watch with me one hour? ”

Thy restless being's seething flood,
Thy hope quiescent, leaping blood
Of martyrs crimsoning thy veins —
Thine but to heal, not suffer pains.

Think'st thou thy suffering heart's intent
Whose tasteless joys thy vision's bent

Till sorrow's mould encaseth thee,
Draws thee dearer, nearer me?

O child of earth and heir of Heav'n,
Take thou my love in spirit giv'n,
Thy utmost thought and mine are one;
Thy heavenly pilgrimage begun;

Doubt's wayward course, crushed ere begun;
Love's victory sure, Love's triumph won!
Thine the glad song and thine the power,
" Could ye not watch with me one hour? "

THOU ART

Oh! mighty Force, a part of me,
Buoyant rising e'er to Thee,
Chanting to the weary heart, "Thou art!"
Startling from the doubting breast
Vanquishing fear and vainer quest
Of fleeting joys from Thee apart!

Each new day purer than the last,
Each thought triumphant o'er the past,
My soaring spirit wingèd flees to Thee.
Through death in life and life in death,
With budding hope or dying breath,
My trusting love of Thee a part,—
Thou art!

NOT FOREVER 'MID THE ROSES

Not forever 'mid the roses
Would my footsteps linger, stray;
Would feed my breath 'pon perfumes blowing,
Steel the heart to warrior's fray!

Not forever 'mid the roses,
Not forever Joy's Midway;
Well I wot that hours are streamers
Fluttering bright to deck Love's day!

Not forever 'mid the roses
Would my heart's throb, maddened, stay!
Not forever twilight's blessing;
Sounds afar the trumpet's bray!

Not forever 'mid the roses,
Tho' their petals were Her lips!
Yield I to ecstatic kisses;
All my soul her sweet breath sips.

Well I wot that kisses fleeting,
Pressed in ecstasy 'pon Her brow,
Lull me to a lotus dreaming,—
Limp, my manhood struggles now!

Promise me elusive heavens;
Love, O Love! why did'st deny

Fuller bliss thy spent soul
Beating tender breast 'gainst evening sky?

For to-morrow I must leave thee,
Mayhap ne'er may call thee "wife,"
Nor book, nor bell, nor priestly blessing
Can restrain a soldier from war's strife.

The lilies in the garden shiver,
Sense the soul-pulse in the air;
Tho' I leave thee — ever with thee,
Tho' I could ne'er take thee there!

Well I wot that kisses sorrowful,
Pressed in parting 'pon thy lips,
Weaken me to coward's trembling,
Drain my soul of strength in sips!

* * * * *

Gone the Joys of twilight's molten;
Gone the flowers 'long Love's way:
Gone serenest meetings stolen —
Sunshine beams' radiant ray!

Gone the sweetheart I had chosen;
Gone my wife that was to be;
Long I linger 'neath the shadow;
Beckoning fingers call to me!

Not forever 'mid the roses
Would my saddened footsteps stray;

Not forever, with the twilight
 Graying all my thoughts of thee!

Not forever 'mid the roses;
 Mocking madness is their breath:
Not forever 'mid the roses
 Which but tell of thee and death!

* * * *

Once again amid the roses
 Roams the soldier, pale with scars;
He waits to feel the soul of twilight,
 Waits alone beneath the stars.

Steals a shadow 'cross his pathway,—
 Evening bells are tolling fast,—
Matching his, a gliding footprint,—
 Woman's sweet, now sliding past.

Links an arm within the warrior's;
 Soft caresses fan his breath;
A whisper, faint as an angel's calling,
 Floating, cries, " Love, this is death! "

GENIUS

Genius is a Flame that wanders,
Seeking, seeking souls that know;
Testing man by every action,
Searching feeling for that glow,
Of response and understanding; doubt that gropes
with fingers slow.

Passing o'er the mere intellectual,
Passing o'er the aspirant, sure
Of his infallible opinion,
Writ 'pon sands 'twill not endure!
Seeking now a youth whose dreamful eyes hold
slumbers sane and pure,

Now a maid whose Castle splendid,
Builded thoughts and glad desires,
Rears to cloudspheres trem'lous pillars,
Jewelled panes and crystal spires;
Mind, whose bold imagination leaping, bound-
ing, never tires.

Planting there subtle suggestion,
Feathery, ghostlike, madly spun
By the soul of Her — The Chosen —
Into fires, which, rambling, run to lithe streams of
molten silver, riv'ling splendor of the sun.

Entering now her Dreaming Castle,
Upon earth she has closed the door.
Becomes a soul that gropes, and groping,
Is discontent forever more!
'Pon flame-pinions her blithe spirit
Doomed by eest'sies e'er to soar.

Within her envied crystal Palace,
Whose polished roof throws off the rain,
Each nook is but a seething furnace,
Each Hall of Grandeur one of Pain:

E'er 'fore her eyes the Flame that wanders,
Rolling waters, following fast,—
Thundering in her ears a message,—
Tell of gates of ominous past;
Revealing to her hidden pleasures —
From blasting cares she's free at last —
Grinding from her heart full measure: joyous
 sails float from her mast!

Pressing to her lips sweet blossoms,
Woody-fragrant, cuffed with blue,
Bathing lids in opal vapors;
Clouds of gold she passes through;
Singing low of dear caresses
Which come to The Chosen too!

Training ear to seraph's music —
Love holds forth his brimming cup —
Angel's fingers pick the harp-strings

Of her mind, as Soul soars up
To what seem the Gates of Heaven;
'Pon rare visions doth she sup!

Wavers now the lum'rous curtain,
Cupid laughs on poisèd wings;
Cloud-Ships pass 'neath waves of thunder,
Lurid — fearful are all things;
The Chosen, sent by light'ning's darting
Into chaos — a soul of stings!

Claps that split the dome of heaven,
Lights and sounds the craven to scare,
Precede the parting of the curtain,—
Hunger gaunt — white misery there!
Child of Earth, who moves 'mong shadows,
Stoops and stutters — grief laid bare!

Wan with horror lies The Chosen,
A crater burnt her sad-seared soul,
Earth and Hell and Heav'n all melted into bell
with ceaseless toll.

Happiness turned into vulture,
Claws that scratch and rend and drip
Those passionate drops of blood made heavy
By lack of joys she cannot sip!

Eye-balls strained to catch the message
Her tortured being yet would claim,—
Through the charr'd and riven crater
Leaps the dim, relentless Flame!

Genius, laughing like a satyr,
Calling self by other name!

Burn the tongues of Fires made glorious,
By her sacrificial strain:
All her thoughts a struggling fountain,
All her hopes a link'd chain —
Thing of flames and gemis and jewels
Bosomed deep with infinite pain!

Beauty, sad-eyed, vision-haunted,
Dedicated to Higher Cause,
E'en to comp'ny with those shadows,
Shapes of Death with human claws —
Phantoms drear whose flying fingers
Speel the darkness without pause.

Hateful are those spires of silver.
Piercing luminous sapphire skies;
Licked with gore those polished temples,
Free her soul of mad desires;
Valueless the tardy conquest
Of love, searched-for, elusive, bought
With Youth whose trusting foot-stool kneels to man,
her battle fought.

Genius is a Flame that wanders,
Seeking, seeking souls that know;
Testing man by every action,
Searching, feeling for that glow
Of response and understanding,
Doubt that gropes, now nevermore!

LAUGHING EYES

To Mary Louise

Laughing Eyes so tender,
Laughing Eyes so true;
Tears blot out the sunshine
Which gleams from eyes of blue.

Brimming wells of laughter,
Bubbles bright with fun;
Father's only daughter,—
His troubles have begun!

He cannot rule with kindness;
He will not rule with force;
Laughing eyes of mischief
Must have their way, of course.

Peeping into pockets;
Stealing kisses too;
Teasing, tickling, twinkling
With fun she sways o'er you.

Laughing Eyes so tender,
Laughing Eyes so true;
Father's dearest treasure
From crown to dainty shoe!

MAHALA (THE WEEPER)

Mahala, the weeper, weeping for her dead!
Mahala, the weeper, weeping that life's fled!
Draw from her brow the curtain of her fears,
Catch from her eyes the treasure of her tears!

Struggling to the top of the mountain bare
Stooping, her dead to bury there;
Mahala, still weeping through the days,—
Her tears form lakes and waterways.

A form colossal there she stands,
Peering o'er the desert lands;
Far-searching in the clouds relief
For the burden of her grief.

The weeper chants amid her tears,
Through endless ages, weary years.
A valley fair blooms in her sight;
She sees naught but the gloom of night.

Her tears have caused the flowers to spring
From her dead lover's slumbering.
But Mahala, weeping 'gainst the sky,
Ne'er stoops to see them trooping by.

To whom was meted death appalling;
Whom the angry cinnamon bear,
At the edge of forest calling
Desiring but to rend and tear.

Sighted with two beauteous baskets,—
Equal do the patterns run,—
Devoured with hunger, leaping passion,
Maid and basket, sparing one.

Fraught with fears, the simple story;
Weaves the maid her heart's desires;
Yet who duplicates a pattern
Prepares her death and, swift, expires.

* * * * *

When the tottering Great Bull Chieftain,—
Borne by faithful daughters dear
To the square where cruel strangers,—
Meeting death with with dearth of tear,—

Mocked the Indian, twained his power,
Robbed him of his lands and streams,—
Heard the sentence, eyes to heaven —
Where Eternal Justice seems —

He sadly, tearfully, 'proached the stranger,
Who heard with looks that shamed his birth:
“ Whither send'st me now, O stranger!
Age has fallen upon my earth.

“ Closed my sight to new adventures,
Stringed my bow with arrows soft,

'Sire I now but dreaming reverie,
Peaceful passage — mine eyes aloft!

'Pon wings spread like paddles, dipping
'Pon the quiet river's breast!

'Sire I but the bird notes rippling
Gloomy thoughts must find their rest!

" Love I kingdom of my fathers,
Mine before thy pale white face,
Swept by great white canoe's gliding,
Came as star to blind my race!

" I gave thee shelter, gave thee welcome,
Gave thee of our forest's best;
Lulled thy fears to peaceful slumbers;
Gave thee arrows like the rest!

" Gave thee of the rattler's poison;
Stringed thy bow, thy courage tipped;
Guided thee through the darkened forest,
To where the river, broken-lipped,

Poured forth frothing, foaming waters:
Guided well thy canoe's flight:
Skim'd the current, specter-haunted —
Paddles dipping swift and light.

" Now you come to me with message
From an unknown white chief dread;
Rob me of my ancestral kingdom;
For my kindness strike me dead!"

To whom was meted death appalling;
Whom the angry cinnamon bear,
At the edge of forest calling
Desiring but to rend and tear,

Sighted with two beauteous baskets,—
Equal do the patterns run,—
Devoured with hunger, leaping passion,
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'Sire I now but dreaming reverie,
Peaceful passage — mine eyes aloft!

'Pon wings spread like paddles, dipping
'Pon the quiet river's breast!
'Sire I but the bird notes rippling
Gloomy thoughts must find their rest!

" Love I kingdom of my fathers,
Mine before thy pale white face,
Swept by great white canoe's gliding,
Came as star to blind my race!

" I gave thee shelter, gave thee welcome,
Gave thee of our forest's best;
Lulled thy fears to peaceful slumbers;
Gave thee arrows like the rest!

" Gave thee of the rattler's poison;
Stringed thy bow, thy courage tipped;
Guided thee through the darkened forest,
To where the river, broken-lipped,

Poured forth frothing, foaming waters:
Guided well thy canoe's flight:
Skim'd the current, specter-haunted —
Paddles dipping swift and light.

" Now you come to me with message
From an unknown white chief dread;
Rob me of my ancestral kingdom;
For my kindness strike me dead!"

* * * * *

Buried they the broken chieftain
Beside ocean's shifting sands,—
Gold shores lapped by kissing wavelets,
Searching far for maidens' hands!

Gulls awing cry out a warning,
Circling high above the place
Waves croon to the peerless chieftain,
Pattern for the pale-faced race!

To the limited Reservation
Hie the sorrowful Indian braves —
Squaws, papooses, weeping daughters,
Parted from their ancestral graves!

Never more, 'pon wingèd snowshoes,
Theirs the forest, free to roam;
Ever this sad reservation,
Bound by laws, must be their home!

E'en their tuneful nomenclature,—
Words that spell the river's sigh,
Song, cloud-birds, flight of swallow,
Soughing winds, snows swirling by —

Changed to Christian names unmus'cal
Spelling nothing under sun!
Descending like the hand of winter
E'er the autumn's well begun!

Given their choice, the sacred "Mary,"
Watered by dim centuries' tears,

Wooed the ear like waters dropping,
'Suaged the morning of their fears!

'Tis no romance to embroider
 Tale remote in fancy's frame,
That some hundred savage maidens
 Chose the Blessed Mother's name!

Throughout all the sad, sad acres
 Set aside for the Indian's home;
Laughing Mary, wooing pleasure
 Blossom-twinèd 'dored to roam.

Seeking far the white clematis —
 Tangled stars in heaven's green,—
Calling to the Shasta lilies —
 Mountains heaving sighs between!

Laughing Mary, wooed of lovers,
 Tho' twas e'er her right to woo —
Through custom handed down the ages,
 Though sacred, condemned by lovers two,

Longing each to hear the footfall
 Of Laughing Mary, long their choice,
With the sounds of night atremble,
 Throbbing through her pleading voice.

Face veiled by a web of darkness
 Formed by meshes of her hair;
Singing of her many virtues
 Through the hours lingering there

Till the night owl strikes accomp'ment,
Cricket reads his twilight book;
And the forest wakes and shivers;
Flowers crane their necks to look.

To be ta'en by watching lover
Into his house, his fire to tend,—
To bear his children, speed his hunting,
Patiently his feast-robes blend,

* * * * *

Voices break the frosted stillness,
Vaulting, leaping, sliding down,
Mary listens, panting, sighing,
With smiles tear-shaken, lacey frown.

“ Laughing Mary
Silver laughter;
Flying Feet
Where grasses meet!
She cannot say
O happy day!

For the hour is sad,— ah, me! ah, me!
She cannot choose 'tween warrior soul:
She cannot woo as maids can see;
She knows not what the days may toll!

“ There's gay Tail Feather light of mood:
A gambler born a ne'er-do-well;
Tho' rated low in nation's coin,—
A maiden's fancy who can tell? ”

Rushes eager by the lake,
The thirsty deer his thirst doth slake,
Rabbit, squirrel, frisky tail,
The Indian maid swings down the trail.

Joins her in the twilight cold,
Swiftly running, Eagle Bold;
Wooes the girl by star-lit rill —
Waters icy from the hill.

“ O fairest maid,
Maid of Laughing!
Beware of treach’rous Feather Tail!
He’s made vile vow
That you he’ll woo;
His squaw he’ll take far up the trail!

“ Of alien race
He’ll not be kind!
Your flower-spirit thongs will bind,
O maid of laughing, listen well
To the swift tale that I shall tell!

“ Mayhap in thy sweet young childhood
Tendered I my boyish suit;
For thee pulled forbidden blossoms,
Robbed the stirring, struggling fruit!

“ Wasted gifts of the Great Spirit
For thy tender, sweet caprice;
On thy trickling laughter hanging,
'Comp'n'ing thee to sacred feast.

“ Culled for thee the twining flower,
Stars to braid with thy dark hair,—
Later found thee Shasta daisies:
Brought thee lilies, pure and fair.

“ Hard the way and long the journey
To snow-hooded Shasta’s side.
Yet from there I’ve brought thee lilies —
Whitest lilies for my bride! ”

Then the laughing Mary falters,
Gazing first at the speeling skies;
Wooing with soft eyes the forest,
Winged with rustling, indrawn sighs:

Listening to soft chanting waters,
Rustling rushes seared and pale;
Far off roar of great-waved ocean,
Foll’wing footprints of the gale.

Back to stalwart Eagle Feather,
Bronze of face and bronze of limb,
Polished like a brazen armor; —
Shining eyes, like lamps, are dim.

“ Son of Bull, O! great Gray Eagle!
Strong art thou, surpassing fair!
Honored am I among maidens! ”
Here she loosed her braids of hair.

O'er her face a dark, sweet curtain,
Veilèd mysteries in her eyes,

Bending 'fore him, humble, tearful,
While his are two pray'rful fires!

Voices break the glowing stillness;
Leaping, laughing, sliding down.

" Laughing Mary!
Silver Laughter!
Flying Feet!
Where waters meet!"

Now speeds her cry: " Oh, blest am I!
The day is glad you see, you see!
Choose I Eagle Feather Bold.
He chooses me, oh, tree, oh, tree!
He chooses me: oh, flower! oh, flower!
He chooses me, oh, silvery hour!"

Tail Feather gay appeared that day,
And with the rest, was at his best!
But in his heart, a planted dart!
And 'neath his eyelids embers smart!
He's vowed revenge 'pon Eagle Bold'
To be 'complished e'er the moon is old!

In a cabin dark,
Lit by the spark
Of candles blear,
The stakes appear!
The rounded sticks,—
There are but six,—
Kept by exultant Feather Tail!

E'er midnight's toll
The game is old;
Bold Eagle's bride
Ill doth betide!

The candle sputters in the gale.
Bold Eagle survives to tell the tale!
O Great Spirit, take, take to thee
Laughing Mary, e'er the day
Forks in splendor o'er the sea!
O darkness, stay, O darkness, stay!

Laughing Mary gambled away
By Eagle Bold, e'en her dear chief;
Giv'n to treacherous Feather Tail;
In faith, in faith, 'tis 'yond belief!

The Indian bride,
Of laughing breath,
Swift must decide,—
'Tis life or death!

The jewelled flames
Her slender feet,
Bereft of beaded moceasin, greet.
The smouldering coals!
Ah! great the pain!
Her song is vain!

Vain agony, tho' her nerve is grim,
Endured that she may remain with him,—
Her chief so dear,

Who'll soon appear
With Feather Tail!
Then to the trail —
No power can her torture dim!

Comes Feather Tail with Eagle Bold,
The stake all lost, fair Mary sold;
She shows her heel — with laughing face —
Endurance is the test of race.

The bone all charred; her death-song sure;
Her face is soft, her soul is pure;
She's lost to both — the stake was life!
Her life she gives — now ends all strife

"Tween Feather Tail and Eagle Bold!
Old the story — the legend told;
Laughing Mary wakes in spring
To ride the tides that rivers bring.



DIALECT SONGS
AND LIGHT VERSE



MY WIFE

A song whose linkèd sounds
Fall sweetly on the ear;
A dream-fancy made real,—
Her heartbeat ever near,—
The wife of my ideal,
A breath perfumed, a soul illumed,
Such is my wife, dearest my wife!

A bark, seaworthy, strong;
Frail in her strength, alarms,
When seas are fair, serene;
More fearful in her calms
Than storm-clouds' reckless strife.—
A craft seaworthy, strong —
Such is my wife, dearest my wife!

A pray'r from God she's sent,
A breath — a zephyr blown
From skies. No fairer beams
Than from her sweet eyes shone
When Love sent trusting gleams
From her heart to mine own —
Dearest my wife, dearest my wife!

THE DIFFERENCE

The sea leaps toward the mountain,
The mountain bends toward the sea;
There's a song upon the mountain
And a song upon the sea.

There's green upon the mountain,
A deeper green in the sea;
A blush as one towers rosily
The bride of the clouds to be.

The great sea tosses angrily
At the fair mountain's choice;
He sheds his radiance royally
Then shrieks in thunderous voice:

“ O, mountain green, O, mountain fair,
Why soar you far above me?
Who so splendid, who so grand,
As thy lordly lover, the sea? ”

“ Oh, royal power, restless soul,
You've worn my love away!
Your angry moods, your creeping waves
Ne'er can my spirit sway.

The clouds they wrapt me closely 'round,
Just held me tenderly;
A kiss they planted on my brow,
Thus wooed me splendidly.

My happy head rests 'mong the spheres,
The mists so sweet and rare.
I'd quite forgotten you, O sea!
'Til I heard you scolding there.”

WAITING FOR ME

Waiting for me at the sunset,
Waiting at the pale, white dawn;
Waiting for me in the firelight
And the red glow of the morn.
Waiting for me, waiting bravely,
Woman-sweet she's standing there.

Waiting for me tender, faithful,
Night by night and day by day,
While the roseate flames leap skyward
And the shades of night away.
Waiting for me — waiting — waiting —
Watching in the early morn.

No more waiting, no more longing;
Soon I'll have thy hands in mine,
No more watching, no more sighing,
Soon my lips will wed with thine.
Waiting for me — waiting — waiting —
Waiting for me — for me there.

Waiting, watching by the fireside,
Oh! the dream-touch of thy hand!
At the door thou'l still be waiting
For me in a foreign land.
Waiting for me, waiting bravely,
Woman-sweet she's standing there.

THE SURF

Thunder, thunder, clap on clap,
Booming tides and sullen rap;
Tossing spray on you and me,—
Rocks go crag-like toward the sea.

From our seat so high, so high,
We watch the dancing waves go by;
Madly racing, vaulting; then
Ebbing, restless, back again.

It seems I see thy soul and mine
In surging waters, leaping spray;
The mad waves beat my heart 'gainst thine,
Thy love a rainbow for our day,

The small sharp rocks which cut our feet,
Life's daily trials we may meet;
The strong, stout cliffs against the sky
The mounts we climb, just you and I.

The sprays which leap so merrily,
The hopes our youthful spirits soar,
The winds whistling so cheerily,
A song which rises 'bove the roar.

The crawling waves e'er ebbing back,
Our fond young hopes held in the rack,
Carrying us onward toward the sea —
Your hand in mine, my soul in thee.

AT THE OLD TRYSTING PLACE

O maid, so dear remembered,
O days, that were — are not;
At the old trysting place, dear,
The sweet, the hallowed spot.

"Twas there thy hands clasped mine, love;
"Twas there thy lips met mine,
"Twas there thy soul held up the veil,
That hid my heart from thine.

*O love, that would away,
O faith, that went astray,
Could'st thou not spare an hour of grace.
For the old trysting place?*

And there the past forgetting,
Memory will claim her own,
And Love will blot out all the stains
The soulless years have borne.

The sorrowing tears be wiped away,
The sorrow all forgot;
At the old trysting place, dear,
The holy, hallowed spot.

THE SUNSET HOUR

'Twas sunset hour when I told my love —
 The golden, fleeting hour —
Oh, where is she, the fairy sprite,
 Whilst day declares her power!

Each glorious ray of radiant hue
 Straying from above,
Caught in her hair with golden gleams
 As I told her of my love.

A cloudlet glowing like the rose,
 Each curling flame a flower —
Beckoned to her from on high,
 I feared the sunset's power.

Did spirit from the unseen shore,
 E'en as her heart held mine,
Declare she was too pure for earth,
 Fit but in heav'n to shine?

My love passed by, a fading dream,
 Her face to me she turns;
Her beckoning fingers urge me on —
 To dim, unknown bournes.

The sunset hour, the sunset hour,
 'Neath thy enchanted spell,
A maiden's spirit buds and flowers,—
 A man's — ah — who can tell?

I sit alone, the night is spent,
 Long past the sunset hour.
The Darkness holds me in her grasp,
 Far from the maiden's bow'r.

DANNY GIRL

Pa says I'm mighty poverty
An' ma's ashamed o' me;
With patches in my breeches
An' holes all in my knee.

I ain' had much o' schoolin'
But I might 'ave 'ad mo' less,
If Teacher had 'n' minter
Go way to 'is las' res'.

Since then no one's a carin'
Jes how I spen's my time;
An' pa, 'e wuz that tickled
W'en I made that 'ere stray dime.

'E sez I'm most ez handy
Ez a dudish financier,
Tho' grow'd up 'mong cabbages
With nary a rockin'-cheer .

T' keep me kinder goody;
All dreamy fru the day;
A thinking o' steam *injines*
A puffin' long they way.

I reckon I'll be makin'
A tunnel fru that rock —
What's reely a mounting —
Fur the feedin' o' our flock.

That creek you sees a lazin',
Along side o' that tree,
Is cummin' like a turrent
To roll its tongue at me.

But I'm fur from keerin'
'Cause I rides in the skies:
Them clouds you sees a floatin'
Jes' laugh ontel they cries

Ter see me on er eagle
All bridled with gold chains;
A tellin' them my secrit —
That it's most time fur rain.

An' w'en I sees the ocean
All dimply in the sun,
I sez ter my ole pardner:
"Jes' wish I wuz er gun!"

I'd shoot er mighty bullet
Right pop! into them wave
Ter mek a dandy eyclum
An' ter see ole ocean shave.

Fur it's a purty larther,
All soapy, w'ite and thick,
Wile 'is beard comes off all shiny —
You kin re'ch it with er stick.

An then I'd build a fiah
Ter burn up all the wurl

'Cept Pa and Ma an' all o' them
What's good ter Danny Girl.

'Cause that's whut they all calls me
O' count o' dreams an' things,
An' 'cause I'm scairt o' harnits
With they narsty little stings.

MARGY

Don't cry, Margy, thy tears are too dear,
Draw thy bright head to thy mother's breast near,
'The stars are peeping at thee with bright twinkling
eyes;
The big lady-moon faints pale with surprise.

If Dolly's lost her teeth and wee Willie his hair
We'll take both to the doctor, so, my baby, there!
No use of crying thy pretty eyes out.
Dear little Margy, what art thou about?

A big glist'ning tear from thy sleepy lids falls,—
Why I do not believe thou 'rt my baby at all!
Thou 'rt God's little maid, thy dreams heaven sent,
Though thy curly gold head o'er my shoulder lies
bent.

Mother knows the whole day has been very sad:—
That shows how we feel when our babies are bad.
But 'twill all be forgot with the dawn of the day
When we two busy mothers kiss our troubles away.

THE LITTLE BLACK GIRL AND THE HEATHEN CHINEE

Sukey's face was chocolate brown
Sukey's hair was kinky;
Sukey went around the town
Abummin' with a Chinky.

"Oh," she cried, "oh," she sighed,
"Quit dat-a lookin' at me.
Don't yeh go be suprised,—
I's happy ez I kin be."

Chinky's cheeks were saffron-hued,
Chinky's eyes shut sleep'ly:
Chinky smoked a yellow weed,
And then he sighed most deep'ly:

"O little black girlie," he wildly cried,
"My heart hurts so fo' loo my blide;
What, oh, how loo have me do,
To win my love, my Sukey Sue?"

"Yo' trailin' pig-tail firs' must go,
It makes de niggahs tease me so;
Yo' almond eyes be clipped inside.
Fo' Sukey Sue kin be yo' bride."

*Little Sing Loo gave painful start,
O'er cruel Sukey's faithless heart:*

*"Loo no lova me, just Heathen Chinee.
Niggah girlie nuver blide can be.*

*"My pig-tail, dear to Chinee heart,
My fader no likee have me part.
Sing Loo gofar and far away,
Little black girlie no want me stay."*

Sukey Sue a strange cry gave
To think that Loo, her patient slave,
Dared thwart her, chide her, wound her so,—
O'er far-off seas he planned to go.

Her bosom heaved, her eyes flashed fire,
She tried to squelch him with her ire;
But the "Chinee" boy stood there so calm,
Sukey's heart gave to fresh alarm:

*"Oh, my little Sing Loo, Loo, Loo!
Fo'give, fo'give yo' Sukey Sue!
Yeh be a Heathen Chinee boy,
Dat gibs my heart its deepest joy."*

Sing Loo felt strangely mollified,
While Sukey's kiss her love becried:
" Oh litte tiger-lily girl!
Lo' eyes are stars, lo' lips are pearls."

AS I SITS ALL LONELY

As I sits all lonely,
Aplayin' wiv my toys,
I'm just plain awishin'
That I was wiv those boys!

And as I spans my Dolly,
Who's cross as cross can be,
I'm just in my min' beginnin'
To climb that apple tree.

An' John he stan's beneaf me,
Aflyin' of his kite;
Awhistlin' mighty solemn,
While Jim says I'm a "mite."

An' jus' who's been alookin'
As I skins that apple tree
I'm sure I'm not acarin'
Jus' so it's only me.

Mother says it's mos' improper,
Unladylike — oh, my!
An' like as not, not knowin'
I does it on the sly.

An' there's baits and fishin'
Enough to make you run
To the ole branch hole, wishin'
You'd never seen the sun.

For hot it is an' sweaty:
Your bonnet's down your back
'Cause boys all go bare-headed.
Aunt says: "They have a knack—

" Of losin' all their senses
When summer swings along,
Arunnin' wild, like horses,
From dews to supper's gong."

Lord! I hope I ain't a sinnin'
Just 'cause I am a girl
An' got a good complexion
An' hair all shiny curl.

But if you knew my feelin's,—
How they just churn inside,—
You'd feel real mean in Heaven
Wiv Jesus by your side.

I guess He liked girl children
'Cause He knew they had no chance
To have a single pleasure —
Unless they sing and dance.

As I sits all lonely,
Aplayin' wiv my toys,
I'm jus' plain awishin'
That I was wiv those boys!

COTTON BOLLS 'GAINST BULLETS

Thar's snowdrifts in the cotton fields,
Thar's hummin' in the air,
Thar's tune of birds in hedges,
Thar's summer everywhere.

Thar's piccaninnies rawmpin',
Thar's gals out with thar beaux
An' thar's my old Maria,
A saint — as Heaven knows.

The sunshine's like a kerchief,
A windin' 'round her head —
She's thinkin' of them battles
Whar she and I have bled —

For tho' I did the shootin',
And followed far the drum
That rattled up our spirits —
The fighting had to come! —

And though I kilt a Major,—
A Yankee, 'course, you know! —
'Twas 'Ria done good fighting
Just 'yond that longest row.

"Twas cotton bolls 'gainst bullets,
Wife's tongue the only gun
On the side of dear old Dixie; —
You should have seen them run.

They capered through the cotton,
Alookin' at the corn;
Then wife took my old pistol,
She did — sho as you're born.

An' with one round of powder —
Sent them a scuttlin' way;
Tho' 'twa'n't in Yankee feelin's
To show no mind to stay.

They turned to take thar bearin's
Beyond that knoll of pines
And seein' one lone woman —
Seemed to 've changed thar min's.

For they went like stars aflockin'
To meet the risin morn —
And the cotton fleeces whitened
And gold was in the thorn.

But when they came to turnin'
Thar was the buryin' groun'.
And thar wan't a single Yankee
But started kneelin' down.

For thar were our six children,
Alyin' in a row;
While 'Ria, single handed,
Stood 'hind the smoke house do'.

She 'lows they would have ventured —
Smoke house was brimmin' high

With hawgs all nicely quartered
Or hung up by a thigh,—

But fur them six little helpers,
Now soldiers of the cross,
An' somehow 'Ria's feelin'
They ain't eggsactly los!

AMERICA

A Titan great, a Titan tall,—
Clasping hands with different seas;
Stretching from dark pole to pole;
Despising both the mean and small!

Embracing in his arms — the world!
His the might by victory hurled!
Refusing none his shelt'ring care,
Welcoming the lowly everywhere.

To his cities great, o'er mountains rare,
A motley horde of aliens stream;
O'er trackless plain and desert bare,
Their pushing crowds, weave wavering seam.

Bringing traditions old and worn;
A tattered flag in their hearts is borne;
Foreigners still in thought, in mind;
Tho' o'er their heads our banners wind!

Here Anarchy stalks — lurid, red;
A dagger 'neath his shirt is hid;
With wasted fingers, — alluring band,—
Socialism lifts a trembling hand.

Weirdly the processions wind,—
Whilst Sympathy shouts, “The Race is
blind!”

Sinuous as a serpent's trail,
While politicians 'gainst politician rail;
While money fights ungodly fight;
Loosing the binding chains of Right;

While cables flash across far seas;
Excluding doubtful Japanese;
While opinions clash in grave debate,
O'er Government Rights and Freight Re-
bate,—

The flaming questions of the day
Blind us to dangers in our way.

While Capital greets Capital,
Fame applauds her sister, Fanie;
While Democracy bows to Title,
And Tradition's but a name;

While maidens fall and mothers weep,—
And morality yields its sway,
The Titan sleeps a dreamless sleep,
Nor wots the time of day.

Sated with power, gorged with wealth,
United but in name;
The East disapproves the Golden West;
The North the fair South's shame.

She brings to her her teeming gold,—
The price of endless hours,
To tempt her children, fairy forms
Fit but to mate with flowers.

A conqueror sits in chair of state
Who bears at heart the nation's fate;
A seer rare, a prophet bold,
But lo! the power slips his hold!

The murky current bends away,
In vain he tries the tide to stay;
Looking beyond the passing hour;
Though strong his will, yet weak his pow'r

The Titan sleeps on, huge, inert,
Unconscious and unheard;
While Greed and Anarchy, twin souls,
Play with the giant's beard.

But wake he will and stretch his limbs,
Cramped with prolongèd sleep.
He'll shake the faithless from the soil,
His anger strong and deep.

Till that fair day, God speed its ray!
Let citizens keep faith;
Greeting the hours, fair with flowers,
Loyal to the death.

THE SHIP OF DEATH*

On she comes — the ship of death!
Choking with her furnace breath,
Grinding slowly toward her port;—
A vessel armored like a fort.

Gay parades upon her deck;
Officers, grand with lace, reflect
But upon 'ffairs of war or state;—
As sings the happy careless mate.

But Death floats as accustomed flag,
While breezes flow and spirits lag
With surcease of the battle shout,—
Wearied officers turn about.

Yet in the hold a different state,—
Nor a moment spared to prate of fate,—

*Two years ago I saw the Tennessee off the Pacific coast with the dead stokers in her hold; meantime men were making preparations for the Sailors' Ball at Long Beach and another the following night at the Virginia Hotel, where I stopped; these thoughts came to me.

The stoker daily experiences wars
Whilst he feeds the flames nor minds the
scars.

Some heroes have been slain to-day;
Though not in glorious battle's fray;
And man shrugs shoulder cries, " 'Tis
past!"

While honoring vessel lowers her mast.

'Tis question grave to ponder 'pon
Who fights the best from sun to sun!
The Ship of State must plough her way;
But 'tis Death that speeds her 'pon this day

And when the ship sails into port
And angels hail her — afar the mart —
The lowly stoker, grimed of face,
Mayhap may step to admiral's place.

THE FIREFLY*

A great green hush of lands, waters unbending,
Some holy silence of lotus-pools;
A swaying, soundless, flicker of white-winged
moths.
With every shadow flutter a glamor of suns.
My fate that of the *cicadae*, no worse!

Mysterious lamps 'pon green willow boughs;
Festal fires gleam at fateful hour of ghosts;

The star-entangled spheres hold glittering sway,
Far chased by moonbeams, seeking the dim water's
edge!

'Tis dark.— a firefly creeps upon paper pane!

A thrilling of breeze — racing breath of lilies,
Irises — kissing dews — awake, I creep,
Burning with weird desires, e'er soundless — on!
Again evening falls, mystery soul of the hours!
Easily kindled, the torch of the firefly;
Trenchant at dawn's white mists he creeps away.

THE FLEET

When the plan, colossal, bold,
Pattern marvelous didst unfold —
Of a fleet of ships, steam-winged,
Sails clattered, hornet-stinged.

Even the winds and waves protest
Long accustomed to unequal test
Of strength 'gainst weakness, wit of man
Who has con'qu'ror been since wage began.

So long ago primeval state
Of navy 'twas useless to prate,
Of lack of progress in that line
Which nation's power and bounds define.

*Idea culled from Lafcadio Hearn's "The Firefly."

The foreign races 'yond far seas
Wotted not of the might of these
Fair ships, arsenals of strength,
Cannon-eyed from length to length.

While almond-visioned Japanese
Smile, caricature and sneeze—
With thoughts of our tremendous size
And stretch their pockets for the prize,

America, great, generous, grand!
Doth naught but fairest rights demand.
Yet rights are rights and gay Japan,
Who steals into our free glad land

With hands that for our secrets shake,
Will learn, e'er long — her grave mistake.
We send our fleet around the Horn
Preferring still to merely warn.

'They march the seas, half hundred strong;
Their sailors moving to a song;
The cry of battle heard e'en though
Our pulse is sane, our action slow.

The West is soldered to the East,
The South joins in the tuneful feast.
The fleet goes sailing o'er the seas,
Our hearts are tethered fast to these!

DEAR LITTLE GIRL NAMED "YOU"

Dear little girl named "You,"
What would you have me do?
I've hugged you and I've kissed you
And given you my heart's love too.

A dolly with big blue eyes.
A great birthday surprise,
A pussy to pet, a horse to ride
And still you fret unsatisfied.

Dear little girl named "You,"
The heartache is papa's too;
No loving mother our heads to press
With gentle hand — ling'ring caress.

Dear little Pet named "You!"
God bring back *my* "mamma" too!
Not in robes of shining white
To blind our fond eyes quite.

But may the same old smile
Our loneliness beguile;
The same old love, the same old dress;
The same old foolish happiness!

Dear little girl named "You!"
That is what I'd have you do,
Go fetch her from the skies
To wipe our weeping eyes.

MY SOUL AND I

We have wandered far, my soul and I, hand
Clasping hand, even breath linked to breath,
And yet we strangers are — strangers — friends
still.

I'd tasted of life's leas, charmed Beauty from
Her bower; wooed love, wine, fleeting game of
chance;

Ne'er pausing to look upon the shadow
'Thwart my path, the sun so bright, the days like
Tripping maids bedecked with flowers,— till
time

Passed on; love, dice, the dissipated hours —
Chasing each the other wanton, bearing stamp
Of fair intent,— wearied, jaded fancy,
And darkness spoke to darkness in my soul.

I paused and glanced about me, sudden beware
That a Presence stalked beside me, step for
step,

Silent, dreadful, incomprehensible,
Straining with my slim glance to pierce the air,
Heavy with panting breath, I gave pause
To my leaping fancy,— paused e'en my course —
Which, unknowing, had strayed e'er downward
Over paths unfriendly to the feet.

I saw a child, fair image of the dawn,
Laughing the hours away, its steady gaze
Pure innocence, its glance painful as
It stabbed — I started to see that the child was I!

A man, filled with rare complacency —
Form, countenance mine own! I gaze,
Spellbound with seeing, yet unseen of him
Who wears my likeness. For on that white brow
Unmarred save by that jade, conceit, yet rests
No shameful blot. We stand man to man,
Heart pressing heart — he passes by serene!
What shape comes yonder, loathsome, bent,—
 though not
With purging shame? That face distorted, blind
To its own impotence before all things
Good, yet seems a friend familiar. Deigning
Now to pause in gay salute — with eyes whose
Cringing usage 'tis to droop,— he grasps at my
Hands, kisses with foul lips my brow; tho' fain
Would I rid myself, in pure disgust of
Presence so ignominious, base! I
Struggle, with fair manly strength ebbing
Like a receding tide, to rid myself of
Companion so despised. But the vision
Has become real — draws an arm in mine!
We wander linked fast together, fond,—
My soul and I!

THE MAID TO 'THE FLOWER

Oh, Lily Bells, list' to me;
My fainting anguish dost thou not see?
My love hath flown away from me.

Oh, Lily Bells, thy pearly crest,
Thy lips all glistening with the dew,
The panting perfume of thy breast,
All ascribe the quest to you.

Oh, Lily Bells, in the darkness wild
As thou rockest softly, as a little child
When lulled to sleep — didst see him row —
O'er the blue deep didst bid him go?

Oh, Lily Bells, speak to me!
Whisper low all that he said
As on he sped!

Do I catch a sad refrain,
Whispering to me e'er again: —
“ To death I go — for Love lies dead! ”

Is dead — Oh, Lily Bells —
No! No!

Love never dies — e'en tho'
In foolish strength of silly pride
We will it so.

But 'tis our weakness, Lily Bells —
Which fatal gift to each is given —
Perhaps to chain us to the earth —
Perhaps to lift us close to heaven —

That gives our all —
Ne'er counts the cost,
Nor measures pain till
Love be lost!

Oh, Lily Bells, dost thou not know
Just how the weeping willows grow
There by the silent, dreaming river —
Where rustling, restless rushes quiver.
Their bride the red, red rose!

'Pon alien soil her feet were planted.
Her breathless prayers were early granted
There where the ebbtide flows.

Her leaves were blood-stained when they wooed her.
And vainly for her love they sued her;
The tides beckoned her one swooning day,
And the willows weep and weep alway!

Proud art thou, sweet Lily Bells!
Tho' droops thy tender snowy head;
Thy stem is bent, thy bloom has fled —
Like a nun thou dwellest all alone —
As if some sin thou would'st atone!

Fie upon thee, Lily Bells!
Unloved by thee
Thy mate may ne'er immortal be!
Lift thy head so meek and lowly —
It is best!
With armor bright and spirit light
To guide me onward to my quest.

THE PIPE DREAM OF A NIGHT

"Twas in the garden that I told her —
 Told her of my love;
In the garden my arms enfold her.
 She is my love — my love.

Oh, sweet, oh fair delight,
 O spell, spun of the gloaming!
"Twas in the garden that I kissed her —
 My heart for her is roaming.

Why, oh, why uproot the garden,
 Of our young soul's fair delight!
Why, oh, why pull down the castle —
 The pipe dream of a night?

Through pearly clouds I see her face:
 She smiles through curling ring.
I grasp the air, essay to catch her,—
 My dream's a haunted thing!

THE ROSE'S COURTSHIP

The Rose looked up,
 "Oh, will you sup
With me, my busy bee?"

"I'm a pretty creature,
Dainty, small of stature,
While you so gorgeous are."

"O Rose," quoth the Bee,
"Each hour's dear to me.
I'm too busy by far."

"Well, then," pouts the Rose
"Don't ever dare propose
My honey sweets to sip.

"There's vi'let and lily
Who'd take it but illy
If I'd mate with thee."

The bee buzzed aside:
"Be thou my fair bride
E'er dries the new dew!"

"Oh, no," cried the flower,
""Tis too fair an hour,—
My charms too radiant beam."

"Well, then," growled the Bee,
"I'll not mate with thee;
The vi'let sweet I'll take.

"You're the garden's queen,
'Tis easy to be seen,
But you're for me no mate."

"Aha!" laughed the Rose,
"Who'd ever suppose
I'd bend to thee at all?

“The flowers sway to me
The south wind sighs to me
The twittering birds sing: ‘Tra — la — la’
The meadow lark calls me: ‘La — la — la’
The brook laughs to me: ‘Ha — ha — ha’
While you but buzz — buzz,
You quarrelsome bee!
The birds sing to me: ‘Tra — la — la’
The flowers call to me: ‘Ha — ha — ha’
The skies bend down to kiss my face;
O bee, thou art quite out of place!”

HANDS WHITE AND BROWN

To Theodore Roosevelt

Hands white and brown, hands brown and white,
The sign of the sun, the sign of the night.
The sign of fair peace, the sign of dark wars;—
Hands slender and white, hands brown and
slender!

Hands from the East, hands from the West;
Hands stretched across lands and across seas;
Can you not clasp as hosts at rest,
Or gather life’s flowers as you please?

The same pattern both, the brown and the white,
The same tapering finger tips.
Tho’ varied the faces as day is from night
And varied the curve of the lips.

The same Gods both — courage and love!
For their fellows in Freedom's hold;
The white and the brown, the brown and the
white —
Let's gather them both in our fold.



**LYRICS AND LEGENDS OF
CALIFORNIA AND THE WEST**



ALCATRAZ*

Fair Alcatraz, flowery, radiant isle,
The west wave seeks thee to beguile,
Sighs like a lover at thy feet,
Where restless bay and ocean meet;
 Fair Alcatraz!

Midst thy bright paths where blossoms bloom,
Thy rock-ribbed sides a haunting tomb,
Sunbeams glancing the fair crest,
Warming the adder at thy breast;
 Sad Alcatraz:

'Neath golden glade and moonlit slope,
Fashioned for joy made glad with hope,
A prison dungeon hides its nest;
To thee, fair isle, a sad bequest; —
 O Alcatraz!

Thy feet lie pointing to the land,
Thy face turned ever to the sea,
While fainting pris'ners, drugged with grief,
Cry and beseech thee for relief, —
 Drear Alcatraz!

Nay! 'tis not thine to give or take,
E'en though sheer anguish hearts may break;
Thy fair form crouching still must be,
Thy feet to the land, thy face to the sea;
 Sad Alcatraz!

*Alcatraz — A prison island in San Francisco Bay. At a distance this Island resembles a battleship. Whether sun, moon, or fog-wreathed it forms an attractive feature of the harbor.

Gazing through the Golden Gate,
Thy ribs of rock and heart of hate
Break and shatter with a cry,
Like jungle beasts when prey is nigh; —
Dread Alcatraz!

Thy face turns toward the rising sun,
Thy eyes gleam bright with victory won;
A magic isle floats out to sea,
Daring her fate, whate'er it be.
Blest Alcatraz!

Her ribs of rock 'neath flowers sleep,
Her frozen veins bid fountains leap —
'Mid soft airs laden with perfume
Where once had echoed the cannon's boom,
Smiles Alcatraz!

A fairy castle crowns her crest;
It towers high, a vision blest,
Whilst sailors drop their knees in prayer
To see it shining, glittering there; —
Fair Alcatraz!

O'er Ocean's restless, trackless course,
Her heart fires feeding on remorse,
Cries of the drowning in her ears,
Voices strangled with bitter tears;
Sails Alcatraz!

Midst winter's snows and summer's heat,
Where mermaids sing and wild waves beat,
Drifts the lovely, enchanted isles,
Ever seeking her mood to beguile.
Tired Alcatraz!

Then back 'cross seas e'er 'tis too late,
Sails the fairy craft, the Golden Gate
Opening wider with surprise,
Whilst men watch, stilled, with straining eyes,
Strange Alcatraz!

The réveille announces the break of dawn,
A golden, sunlit, peerless morn,
Nor prisoners turned o'er in their cells,
Nor clanking chains their presence tells;--
At Alcatraz!

A crouching, tawny, patient form
And glad gold waves with silver 'larms;
The burden of her song will be:
“ My task is done, the prisoner free! ”
Proud Alcatraz!

Thus dreamed iron-bound Alcatraz,
Whose fair domain, dark dungeon has
Robbed of flower and life and joy,
Her dreams and visions base alloy;
Drear Alcatraz!

CALIFORNIA POPPIES

Poppies, running o'er the hill,
Poppies trooping to the sea;
Laughing gaily, by the rill,
Bending low with elfin glee!

Golden, golden in the sun,
Swaying, swaying in the breeze,
Dancing, joyous fairy flow'rs,
Lighting up our weary hours!

Burning lamps of fragrant air,
Loving both the land and sea;
Poppies, poppies everywhere!
Scattering beams of light for me!

AND ALL HER DAYS WERE WAITING

And all her days were waiting,
 And all her joys were done,
Still she gazed with features smiling,
 Toward the *mésas* bathed in sun.
And heat waves swam and shivered,—
 Blurred soft the saffron hills,—
And all the land was afevered,
 And the rivers ceased their trills.
And still the ocean thundered
 And spilt his soul in spray,
And wheeling gulls, ahungered,
 Beat wings in dire dismay.
For settler's dream was ended,
 The plague writhed sinuous, **far**,
And the fish were dead in the ocean,
 And man cried loud for a star
With holy effulgent meaning,
 To solve the spell of day;
For the sun beat hellish music,
 Upon the hollow brain;
And the Sierra Madre's smiling
 Was linkèd chain of pain.
And hazes' purpled veilings
 Were giddy chasms of deeps;
And opal ocean's glitter,
 A thing to haunt in sleeps.
And all had died of horrors,
 Who had not died of plague,

And the woman's lusty lover,
Came not o'er the *mèses* vague.

Steeped e'er in a dreamless slumber,
The carrion-bird's hoarse call —
Its loathsome shadow hovering,
O'er what was woman's all.
For sacred troth they'd plighted,
A month ago, in June,—
Some nacre twilight's blessing,
Some cricket's chirping tune —
Now all her tribe had followed
The trail so white and long,
And only the woman lingered
In this land, while Death's grim song
Swung like wan wreaths o'er hilltops,
And sunk in the lone sand dunes;—
E'en deep in the bed of the ocean,
Which chanted its endless runes.

And all her days were grieving,
And all her joys undone,
And she sank in Death's hard battle,
At drop of the swooning sun.

RUSHES BY THE LAKE

Rushes, rushes, sunshine-bred,
The spirit-breezes fan thy head;
The marshes, lilded at thy feet
Whilst to thy haunts the Pomos* creep!

Whisp'ring there their secrets, paged
With wrinkle-seamed age;
How their patterns they unfold,
Known but to the Pomos old;

Bending low to catch thy breath,—
Faithful thou until thy death,—
Well the Indians list thy song
Weave it into patterns long:

Chuckling as they pass unseen
'Neath the shadow of thy green;
For it is thy wave they take
To weave in baskets for Art's sake:—

The song of lark and gay red-bill,
Comb-feathers too for which they kill;
Their hopes they never may fulfill;
The tint of tawny summer hill.

Baskets tiny — fairy-small —
Wove with sweetest love of all;

*Indian tribe of California.

Dainty, dainty, for papoose!
Never meant for the slightest use.

Sitting by the rushes slim,
Weaving till the eyes grow dim,
Age, with blindness, soon appears —
Then it is the rush-song cheers.

Weaving — chewing — habits dear;
Sing the rushes in her ear;
Hymns of larks and twilights caught
To embroider Mahala's thought.

Moonbeams shiver, rushes quake
'Pon border of ensilvered lake;
And then it is, the Pomo knows
The Great Spirit smiles with rare repose.

Rushes, rushes, billowed seas
Tossing plumes where'er they please!
Crested like a wave of foam
While the Spirit wanders home.

A LEGEND OF BLUE LAKES

In the land of the peaceful Pomos,
Conquered land of lake and sky,
Weaves an honored ancient legend—
Pokogama's* spirit lingers nigh!
Maid Pokogama, swift-winged swallow,
Named for bird of graceful flight,
Lived in tepee of her fathers —
Cloud-ghosts forming in her sight!
Smiles like ripples of the rushes,
Billowing tresses, fanned by breeze.
Throughout all the golden country
All the princess 'sired to please.

Koko, prince of royal princes,
Claimed the maiden; bended low
Before beauty fairer, rarer
Than the tribe was wont to know.
Pokogama, belle of the nation,
Things of laughter, melting dews,
Shook her head, whose falling tresses,
Were like the water's rippling views;
Declaring that the Great White Spirit
Forbade her in her dreams to wed.
He would well reward her patience,
With fairer kingdom crown her head!

Long she waited, trem'lous, pray'rful.
Drooped poor Koko, found in wars,

*Pronounced (Pō-gāma).

Bloody, fearful, 'gainst his nature
Surcease from his lagging cause.
Maid Pokogama, dreaming, waiting for the gift
that beamed afar,—
Now from Clear Lake's shimm'ring bosom,
Now from sinking evening star,—
Wandered among the moon-chased shadows,
'Neath the gloom of mountain-sides,
E'en to where the peak Konochti
Bends his head 'gainst lava tides.

Great Konochti, the smoking mountain,—
Lips gashed open — hideous grin —
Drear the dreams that feed the furnace
Eating through thy heart within!
Peerless peak! restless volcano
Cursèd by the Great Spirit blest,
Doomed by him to spit forth fire
Without ceasing, without rest; saw the wand'ring,
 sad Pokogama,
Moonlit shade of spirit dear,
Slip along like a slinking current;
Hands to shaking breast, with fear.

For she seeks the Great White Spirit,
Smiling calm upon silvered lake,
For fulfilment of that promise made in dreams
 now all awake.
Starts the maiden, for a serpent-creature, limned
 with streaks of fire,

Strikes her path where moonlight's ended—
Calling to her mad desire.
Sheds the lake her veil of silver,
Dark and brooding is the night, whilst e'er on-
ward with the serpent,
Whose eyes form arcs to guide their flight,
Flees the charmèd Pomo princess, darling of her
tribe and race!
Kindly do the clouds, all graying,
Hide the marring of her face.

Enamored, linkèd to the serpent,
Following fast his sinuous stride,—
Swallow-maid, her limbs aquiver, eager to become
his bride:
To his haunt far o'er the hill crests, meadows,
songful fields of grain,
Carries he the Indian maiden 'til he finds his cave
again.

Locked in slumber with the serpent
Pokogama sleeps away the hours;
Heedless of her place or station; heedless of Great
Spirit's powers.
Wheel of sun marks daylight's passing; wheel of
moon the path of night;
Strike the hearts of water mated,
Jewelled lakes fair to the sight!
Sapphire-twins, lapis lazuli—
Legend pierces each deep breast

Of the doomèd Pomo, maiden, chained to one —
a sad bequest.
Changed to serpent by the Great Spirit, as he to
whom she had giv'n her troth.
While to the other the Satan tempter is doomed
By the selfsame wrath.

Blue lakes, gems of changing color!
Riv'ling blue of the turquoise skies,
Riv'ling green of deepest emerald,
Riv'ling depth of deepest sighs,
Set 'tween hills — like drooping pendants
Strung from heaven — like twin smiles,
Charmed to radiance, molten, golden,
By the shades that man beguiles!
Indians—fearful—shun thy beauty.
Spun by dreams whose fancy grave
Sent the princess — e'en Pokogama —
To scatter jewels upon thy wave.

CALIFORNIA WILD FLOWERS

Wild eyes, wild eyes!
Lifted coy with sweet surprise:
Teach me of thy mood, my friend,
While o'er hilltop's way I trend!

How hast kept thy simple grace,
Single petals, singular face
Through the striving centuries past:—
Kept thy blue and primrose fast!

Weary humans, city-tired,
By thy wealth of wildness 'spired;
Children, leaning cheek 'pon cheek —
Knowing ones, that flowers seek!
Blues of streams and snows and skies;
Velvet blacks and browns for eyes;
Drinking from full Mother Earth
Perfumes faint, distilled at birth.

Ringing tiny bells at even,
Fairy clappers chime at seven;
Hath God set His seal of power
'Pon the leaf of simple flower?

Wild eyes, wild eyes,
Lifted coy, without surprise.
Take me to thy gentle heart:
I cannot bear that we should part!

IN THE SHOSHONE LAND

The Purple hills rise in thy sight
 In the Shoshonè Land;
The *mèses* wild the flowers blight
 In the Shoshonè Land.

The Sun beats warmly on thy back
 In the Shoshonè Land;
The Devil's brewing 'neath thy track
 In the Shoshonè Land:

The sands are deep and winds rise high
 In the Shoshonè Land;
The red peaks pant against the sky
 In the Shoshonè Land:

Timbers grow low and stout of band
 In the Shoshonè Land:
Thy shape is like a hollowed hand—
 Beautiful Shoshonè Land!

The eagle nests on rotten cliff
 In the Shoshonè Land;
The big-horn tramps through deep snowdrift
 High in Shoshonè Land.

The desert hills slope far and near
 In the Shoshonè Land;
There are rainless days most of the year
 In the Shoshonè Land.

Silent, we "fold our tents away,"
In the Shoshonè Land;
Searching covert for our prey
In the Shoshonè Land.

All through the desert call of loves
In the Shoshonè Land;
The Indians and mourning doves —
In the Shoshonè Land:

Silent, we the wildness watch
In the Shoshonè Land;
Men and beast and feathered flock
In the Shoshonè Land.

The Piute ever hungers bold
For the Shoshonè Land;
He tells his young how men grow old
Far from Shoshonè Land.

How youth to youth leaps in the blood
In the Shoshonè Land;
How age comes on like crawling flood
In the Shoshonè Land.

How the Great Spirit hovers near
In the Shoshonè Land;
Ne'er peeping o'er the borders drear
Of the Shoshonè Land.

PASSING THE SALTON SEA AT SUNSET

Mountains blurred ragged against faint, pearl skies;
Th' Eternal Painter's brush pauses, trembles
with sighs
As peak upon peak is softly limned;
The sun's gold center a moment dimmed —
The Desert gray!

Lotus airs, swept to thee by velvet fans ——
The low-swaying movement of unseen hands;
Melody falling — a singing of old dreams!
Rests thy spirit like suspended streams —
Gaunt shadows quake!

Silent life — silent sea — mysterious dread!
Silent the drones of sea-shells — heaved by seas
long dead.
The Desert misty with waters seems —
Whence these spaces — whence these dreams?
A shadow world!

* * * * *

Softer winds — the ghosts of rose-petals those!
Wake far peaks, rubbing eyes — charms close —
A silver mirror blending to tints of doves;
A dim regret for other loves;
A listening for some song unsung;
The pulsing Desert — long old — is young.

Steals an arm into space with truant trace,
The waist of mountain melts into weird embrace;
A burnished elbow touched by the sinking sun
Shake all the shades by gaunt Desert won.
Aswirl the sands, upon whose pictures seers found
Futurity; faint the wind-bell's sound.

Slow-changing to pale day-blue, the ripples flee.
Mèsville, sage, curving nostrils to the sea;
Reach eagerly for their death; and pant!
The open hands of straw-colored palms suppliant!
Tortuous peaks, striving with pain,
Breathe out rose vapors — faint pale again.

Colors celestial — of earth nor heaven —
Partaking of both, the skies are given.
Shiver of waters, changing to twilight green;
Wings of silver melting, as dreams, are seen.
The sheer peaks heaving into purples old;
The jade vapors tremble — their tints grow cold.

Spirits of pink carnations walk — fragrance
grants
Room for lapping tongues, where thirst-lipped
Desert pants.
Dead palms arising like golden ghosts—sad
shades!
The sea around — drape gray-dim water-glades.
Night gropes, shoots a star into silent spheres;—
It trembles, blinds the land and disappears.

'Gain the treading of Desert ghosts stirs the air;
Pale wings of palms are folded in pray'r
Silver Desert bosomed 'gainst silver sea;
The moon flames swift to gold — as star doth flee!
Faint upon the ear the mystery voices —
The night-bird lists — the sea rejoices.

* * * *

The sage brush whitens to flow'r 'neath lum'rous' kiss;
A spell holds the soul of things quiescent — yearning bliss
Marks flight of man, feeding 'pon mystic diet,
Whilst thoughts, like shaken waters, hug the quiet.
Shrunken shapes of eacti, souls doomed to eternal
sands —
Crooning of ghost-voices throughout the solemn
lands.

Behind the weave of moon — myriad bright,
The eyes that stare through the lacy light,
And shame the sea which disappears—
The wings of the moon push from the skies the
glitter of tears:
The Desert sees, listens shouts hosannahs—
sleeps;
Man dreams, wonders, shivers,— also sleeps.

FISHERS OF AVALON

My face to burning western sun,
'Tis sweet to gaze 'pon Avalon;
'Pon sweep of hill, 'pon fretted seas;
'Pon netted gold the waves have spun!

The homing gulls,
The sudden lulls,
'Pon dancing buoys,
'Pon simple joys!

See, Great Pacific's sparkling crown
Reflects long slopes of tawny brown,
And soft the light long twilights bring
And purpled shadows leap and frown;

And sobbing runes
To silver tunes
With tireless drums
The ocean strums.

The dripping sails, like curving wings,
Are battered and encarnadined;
The fisher's fate all smileless sings,
Yet splendid tales the fisher brings,
And tides that rip,
And booms that trip,
Ne'er courage takes,
As port he makes.

An island, soft with opal light,
Swims in a misty, moon-kissed night;
Washed pure by phosphorescent waves,

That now caress, now, screaming, fight!
And fishers brown
Swing, turn to town
Their welcomes shout
The silence out.

Now, home at last, their wives to warn,
Caress their babes, rise e'er the morn;
When skies drip gloom, and waters boom,
Put out again with jolly scorn
Of fogs that freeze
The tongues of breeze;
And waves that churn
They need must spurn.

My face to burning western sun,
'Tis sad to gaze 'pon Avalon;
For fisher boats which artists paint,
And reddened sails, which sunbeams glint,
May come again,
But when! Ah, when?
Drifts dragging sail,
While women wail.

For storms must break upon these shores,
Must twist and shriek their fury roars,
And men must dare and work and fail;
Battle with sail in sudden gale;
The fishers brown
Go down, go down!
Their grave the deep,
God guard their sleep!

SUMMER HEDGES OF LAKE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Summer hedges, wildly grown,
From thy spray the wild rose blown;
Verdant tongues drink in the air—
Summer hedges spreading there,

Where, 'gainst fields of rippling green,
Bluest lakes, are, dimpling, seen!
Over fences, covering well —
Casting June's entrancing spell.

There's sweet-briar, breath-attuned!
Sage-brush, buck-eye crowding June:
Evanescing — without stint —
Refreshing, 'ticing, pungent mint!

Poppies — empty cups of gold,—
Forming myriad swaying fold:
Indian paint brush — torch of flame —
Baby-blue-eyes — sweet of name!

Tender laurels, clematis too,
“ Ragged robins ” pink of hue,
Rushes new and panting, quake,
Reaching vaguely for the lake.

Weeping willow pushing in,
Giant ferns — the rushes win.
And where the hedge casts shadows, fair
Trem'lous, shrinking maiden-hair.

Summer hedges, wild of growth!
To leave thee e'er the spirit loath,
Starred with white and gold and pink —
Sweetest nectars for thy drink!

Wheat and rye, our golden grain;
Sweet alfalfa comes again;
Summer hedges, from thy laugh
Something of thy mood I quaff.
Vine and spray and grasses 'twine:
Summer hedges wild — divine!

TO O-KIKU*

Sweet O-Kiku! Eastern flower,
Transplanted to a foreign bower!
Trilling Heathen English thing,—
Stranger songs thou could'st not sing!

*To Miss Aoki.

Purest English from thy lips,
For teeth, hast pearls 'gainst coral tips.
Kimona gay, nor flowery glees
Confound thee with the Japanese!

For thou art American!
Flower blown from fair Japan!—
Lotus-blossom 'gainst the Rose;—
Strange the pair that schoolward goes!

And though thy name's Chrysanthemum,†
Thy half-closed eyes are pools of dreams;
And tinted rift of cheery-bloom
Hath brushed thy cheek, which radiant seems.

All thy friends, companions, girls
White of cheek — hair brown or gold;
Of different manners, different ways,—
Sulky, smiling, sweet or bold.

Will this golden Eastern Flower
E'er yearn for friends of selfsame plan?
Transplanted Bloom—O Kiku!
Would thou wert in fair Japan!

†O-Kiku-Chrysanthemum.

THE FORGOTTEN

The old man's glance is slanting
At mountain, stream, and tree;
And quiet is his manner, soft
His courteous smile at me.

At times he's just one sunny
Seamèd stone of gray;
At others gazes steadily
At changing clouds all day.

And tho' he is so gentle
One's eye strains to 'main dry,
He seldom speaks or questions —
Save blossom, blade, or sky.

For fifty years and over
He's dwelt among these hills.
He's caught the rhythm of waters
And learned the tunes of rills.

No doubt he has forgotten
The early, golden days,
When he, a "forty-niner"
With dashing, breezy ways,

Drilled into those mountains
Or sifted gold from streams!
To see him one would wonder
If these weren't only dreams.

Yet they're the facts; don't doubt them!
Though dreams around him twine;
For all did not strike millions
In golden forty-nine.

There were disappointed trailers,
And some were worth the race
In all that makes for manhood,
Who could not keep the pace!

So that when we speak of "Failures"
We must remember these
Who're waiting in the valleys
With the sunshine 'cross their knees.

Tho', in faith, they seem contented,
Tho' of quiet, humble mien,
It may be they are sorrowing
For dreams that might have been!

Throughout California
These "Failures" can be found,
Who're simply "The Forgotten," —
Success ne'er looks around:

But I can't believe he minds it.
With that eternal grace
Of gentle pools and rushes
Reflected in his face! *

*I saw old, gnarled men up in the mountains with a wonderful look of peace. They tilled the ground or did nothing and seemed quite content; always greeting the stranger with a courteous smile and a lifting of shabby hat or cap.

THE FOG

Cold-lipped, cold-armed,
Gray-hued, cloud formed,
Thy beard entangling mast and sail,
Thy gray robes blowing in the gale,
A tombless ghost art thou, O fog!

Rainbow-hued, rosy lipped,
Gold-haired, flame-tipped,
Thy white arms, perfumed like flowers,
Clasping sails through glooming hours.
Thy wooing voice like woman's, sweet,
Thy drap'ries spreading from thy feet,
Art calling, calling from the sea.

Drifting o'er the moonlit dale,
Cov'ring as a bridal veil,
The mountains blushing 'neath thy kiss,
Voiceth thou but purest bliss,—
Cold again at break of dawn,
Cruel, soulless, rolling on!
Art thou ghoul or spirit, Fog?

O TWINING FLOWER

(*Clematis*)

O twining flower! fairy bloom of desert wild,
Trembling there in thy loneliness;
Thou daintiest, frailest, clinging child,
Cease repining! Sweet thy mission,
O Flower of Twining!

Birds call to thee from the mountain,
They sing to thee low by the river,
Thy breath's a perpetual fountain
Of song; thy sweet soul's aquiver,
O Flower of Twining!

White, white thy gleam at morn's greeting,
Blue and white at eve's passing shade;
Fairer still on maiden's breast,
Sweet trembling flower! Oh! joy so fleeting!
O Flower of Twining!

Thy face, a fair star in the gloaming,
Thy frail branch a ladder love-mounted,
To woo thee thy lover is roaming,—
O trembling flower, cease repining!
O Flower of Twining!

SAN RAFAEL

Glimpse of wan hills from the valley,
Glimpse of the sea from the heights;
As we list to the lips of the west wind
Soughing through the glooming nights!
We hark the lapping of wavelets
And the home cry of lowing kine,
While the oriole sings to the white rose
Whose gleams the pale stars would entwine.

There are scattered homesteads of beauty;
There are cottages rude and small,
But the Great Spirit o'erlooks the difference
His loveliness enchanting all.
Radiant garlands entwining,
O'er pillar and trellis and beams.
Nor Honey-birds cease e'er their dining
Till the Night clasps the Day in her dreams.

Airs blow pure and free from the mountains,
There's a soft, golden haze o'er the vale,
And silv'ry the ghost of the moonlight
As it stalks through fair San Rafael.
Zephyrs blow soft mid the rose-bloom,
And swell to a gale in the night,
When all save the white-browed lilies
Have hidden away from the sight.

And there the gold-powdered acacia
Breathes troth to the pink locust in spring;
And forget-me-nots call to the lilies,

And the blue bird is swift on the wing:
And there the tall eucalyptus
Dusts with green plumes the blue sky,
Or blushes soft as the grape vine
As it lists to the wooing wind's sigh.

There are lakes of gold in the meadow,
There are streamlets of blue 'gainst the wave
Of tall grasses that bend like the willows,
Or tramp the round hills bold and brave.
The Poppy flowers steep in the noon-rays,
And sing a blithe song in the breeze,
With the blue bell and daisy and larkspur —
The gifts of the spring goddess, these.

While the oak tree stands high on the hillside,
And the bay seeks clear water rills,
While the poplars shimmer to silver,
And the fern-fronds hide low in the dells,
The wild sage and gay manzanita
Draw nearer their legend to tell
Of a padre good from the Southland,
Who planted the gold rose Rafael.

He built him a hut of adobe,
On whose magical growth they dwell,
And planted his vineyard and rose tree,
Which he named the San Rafael.
As the west wind shrieked through the valley,
As he prayed in his lonely cell,
In memory of his lost rancheria,
He planted the purple wistaria.

Each brown hill hides in full bosom,
A grave secret if she would but tell,—
Rare legends of romance and beauty
Of the flower-crowned San Rafael.
The live-oak whispers wise counsel,
And to chatter the clover wakes soon;
While the passion-flower woos the fair heav'ns
And the oriole sings to the moon.

THE BASKET MAKER

The basket maker, she is young,—
Joyous flowers her soul!
Impatient at her task, she longs
To leave ere evening's toll.

A golden time is o'er the land,
She dances the twilight hours,
To meet bronzed Love in leafy wood,
Her fair form twined with flowers.

* * * * *

The basket maker, she is wed.
A pure love lights her heart.
Her joy she weaves in fair design,
Her dreams ere they depart.

* * * * *

The basket maker she is old.
She weaves still in the sun;
Her memories all go in the plan,
Ere willowed frame's begun.

MAHALA (THE WEEPER)

Mahala, the weeper, weeping for her dead!
Mahala, the weeper, weeping that life's fled!
Draw from her brow the curtain of her fears,
Catch from her eyes the treasure of her tears!

Struggling to the top of the mountain bare
Stooping, her dead to bury there;
Mahala, still weeping through the days,—
Her tears form lakes and waterways.

A form colossal there she stands,
Peering o'er the desert lands;
Far-searching in the clouds relief
For the burden of her grief.

The weeper chants amid her tears,
Through endless ages, weary years.
A valley fair blooms in her sight;
She sees naught but the gloom of night.

Her tears have caused the flowers to spring
From her dead lover's slumbering.
But Mahala, weeping 'gainst the sky,
Ne'er stoops to see them trooping by.

LAUGHING MARY*

Redwood's temples cleave the heav'n,
Song of singing birds at ev'n;
Notes of dove and thrush and hark!
Liquid tongue of meadow lark!

Melting snows 'pon mountain's seam;
Soars the tuneful summer dream;
Wheels the hawk in circles bold —
Monarch-eagles reigned of old!

In the fertile Humbolt Valley
Dwelled Indian chiefs of mighty mind:
Forms that rivalled the tall sequoia,
Strength and grace and height combined!

Nations four, tilled this same valley;
Hunted far the fleet-foot deer;
The mountain lion creeping nearer;—
Jungle-eyes, bold lights of fear;—

Scanned the far, fog-wreathed horizon;
Indians crouching closer — Hark!
To arrows, streaks from heav'n;
Bullets whizzing like the bark

Of the bolts of Smoking Mountain, —
Great White Spirit's sleight of hand, —

*I'm indebted for the subject of this story-poem to Mrs. F. P. Herrick, California's noted anthropologist, of Humboldt County.

To the frequent earthquake rumble —
Sounds to wither heart of man.

Proudly erect the Great Bull Chieftain —
Agèd chief of a powerful tribe —
Sat in council with his circle,
His braves these wonders to describe.

Pondering deep o'er spirit-meaning
Of each phenomena as it came,
Phantoms, foll'wing the Indian's action,
Hush the children in their game!

For by sign and terrible symbol,
Dreaming flowers and skies all smiles,
Doth Great Spirit teach his children —
Legends weird their tale beguiles,—

Basket weaving, color poems,
Pictures, sculpture, all entwined;
Art of ages whose tradition
Is lost, though in the heart enshrined;

Carries the soul of Indian Maiden
Upon expanded wings of dreams,
As she forms the endless pattern —
Patient beauty without seams.

Well she knows the old tradition;
No patterns must be quite the same,—
Since the fate of that Indian maiden,
Kind of heart and fair of fame,

To whom was meted death appalling;
Whom the angry cinnamon bear,
At the edge of forest calling
Desiring but to rend and tear,

Sighted with two beauteous baskets,—
Equal do the patterns run,—
Devoured with hunger, leaping passion,
Maid and basket, sparing one.

Fraught with fears, the simple story;
Weaves the maid her heart's desires;
Yet who duplicates a pattern
Prepares her death and, swift, expires.

* * * * *

When the tottering Great Bull Chieftain,—
Borne by faithful daughters dear
To the square where cruel strangers,—
Meeting death with with dearth of tear,—

Mocked the Indian, twained his power,
Robbed him of his lands and streams,—
Heard the sentence, eyes to heaven —
Where Eternal Justice seems —

He sadly, tearfully, 'proached the stranger,
Who heard with looks that shamed his birth:
“ Whither send'st me now, O stranger!
Age has fallen upon my earth.

“ Closed my sight to new adventures,
Stringed my bow with arrows soft;

'Sire I now but dreaming reverie,
Peaceful passage — mine eyes aloft!

'Pon wings spread like paddles, dipping
'Pon the quiet river's breast!
'Sire I but the bird notes rippling
Gloomy thoughts must find their rest!

" Love I kingdom of my fathers,
Mine before thy pale white face,
Swept by great white canoe's gliding,
Came as star to blind my race!

" I gave thee shelter, gave thee welcome,
Gave thee of our forest's best;
Lulled thy fears to peaceful slumbers;
Gave thee arrows like the rest!

" Gave thee of the rattler's poison;
Stringed thy bow, thy courage tipped;
Guided thee through the darkened forest,
To where the river, broken-lipped,

Poured forth frothing, foaming waters:
Guided well thy canoe's flight:
Skim'd the current, specter-haunted —
Paddles dipping swift and light.

" Now you come to me with message
From an unknown white chief dread;
Rob me of my ancestral kingdom;
For my kindness strike me dead!"

* * * *

Buried they the broken chieftain
Beside ocean's shifting sands,—
Gold shores lapped by kissing wavelets,
Searching far for maidens' hands!

Gulls awing cry out a warning,
Circling high above the place
Waves croon to the peerless chieftain,
Pattern for the pale-faced race!

To the limited Reservation
Hie the sorrowful Indian braves —
Squaws, papooses, weeping daughters,
Parted from their ancestral graves!

Never more, 'pon wingèd snowshoes,
Theirs the forest, free to roam;
Ever this sad reservation,
Bound by laws, must be their home!

E'en their tuneful nomenclature,—
Words that spell the river's sigh,
Song, cloud-birds, flight of swallow,
Soughing winds, snows swirling by —

Changed to Christian names unmus'cal
Spelling nothing under sun!
Descending like the hand of winter
E'er the autumn's well begun!

Given their choice, the sacred "Mary,"
Watered by dim centuries' tears,

Wooed the ear like waters dropping,
'Suaged the morning of their fears!

'Tis no romance to embroider
Tale remote in fancy's frame,
That some hundred savage maidens
Chose the Blessed Mother's name!

Throughout all the sad, sad acres
Set aside for the Indian's home;
Laughing Mary, wooing pleasure
Blossom-twinèd 'dored to roam.

Seeking far the white clematis —
Tangled stars in heaven's green,—
Calling to the Shasta lilies —
Mountains heaving sighs between!

Laughing Mary, wooed of lovers,
Tho' twas e'er her right to woo —
Through custom handed down the ages,
Though sacred, condemned by lovers two,

Longing each to hear the footfall
Of Laughing Mary, long their choice,
With the sounds of night atremble,
Throbbing through her pleading voice.

Face veiled by a web of darkness
Formed by meshes of her hair;
Singing of her many virtues
Through the hours lingering there

Till the night owl strikes accomp'ment,
Cricket reads his twilight book;
And the forest wakes and shivers;
Flowers crane their necks to look.

To be ta'en by watching lover
Into his house, his fire to tend,—
To bear his children, speed his hunting,
Patiently his feast-robcs blend,

* * * *

Voicees break the frosted stillness,
Vaulting, leaping, sliding down.
Mary listens, panting, sighing,
With smiles tear-shaken, lacey frown.

“ Laughing Mary
Silver laughter;
Flying Feet
Where grasses meet!
She cannot say
O happy day!

For the hour is sad,— ah, me! ah, me!
She cannot choose 'tween warrior soul;
She cannot woo as maids can see;
She knows not what the days may toll!

“ There's gay Tail Feather light of mood:
A gambler born a ne'er-do-well;
Tho' rated low in nation's coin,—
A maiden's fancy who can tell? ”

Rushes eager by the lake,
The thirsty deer his thirst doth slake,
Rabbit, squirrel, frisky tail,
The Indian maid swings down the trail.

Joins her in the twilight cold,
Swiftly running, Eagle Bold;
Wooes the girl by star-lit rill —
Waters icy from the hill.

“ O fairest maid,
Maid of Laughing!
Beware of treach’rous Feather Tail!
He’s made vile vow
That you he’ll woo;
His squaw he’ll take far up the trail!

“ Of alien race
He’ll not be kind!
Your flower-spirit thongs will bind,
O maid of laughing, listen well
To the swift tale that I shall tell!

“ Mayhap in thy sweet young childhood
Tendered I my boyish suit;
For thee pulled forbidden blossoms,
Robbed the stirring, struggling fruit!

“ Wasted gifts of the Great Spirit
For thy tender, sweet caprice;
On thy trickling laughter hanging,
‘Comp’n’ing thee to sacred feast.

“ Culled for thee the twining flower,
Stars to braid with thy dark hair,—
Later found thee Shasta daisies:
Brought thee lilies, pure and fair.

“ Hard the way and long the journey
To snow-hooded Shasta’s side.
Yet from there I’ve brought thee lilies —
Whitest lilies for my bride!”

Then the laughing Mary falters,
Gazing first at the speeling skies;
Wooing with soft eyes the forest,
Winged with rustling, indrawn sighs;

Listening to soft chanting waters,
Rustling rushes seared and pale;
Far off roar of great-waved ocean,
Foll’wing footprints of the gale.

Back to stalwart Eagle Feather,
Bronze of face and bronze of limb,
Polished like a brazen armor; —
Shining eyes, like lamps, are dim.

“ Son of Bull, O! great Gray Eagle!
Strong art thou, surpassing fair!
Honored am I among maidens!”
Here she loosed her braids of hair.

O’er her face a dark, sweet curtain,
Veilèd mysteries in her eyes,

Bending 'fore him, humble, tearful,
While his are two pray'rful fires!

Voices break the glowing stillness;
Leaping, laughing, sliding down.

“ Laughing Mary!
Silver Laughter!
Flying Feet!
Where waters meet! ”

Now speeds her cry: “ Oh, blest am I!
The day is glad you see, you see!
Choose I Eagle Feather Bold.
He chooses me, oh, tree, oh, tree!
He chooses me: oh, flower! oh, flower!
He chooses me, oh, silvery hour! ”

Tail Feather gay appeared that day,
And with the rest, was at his best!
But in his heart, a planted dart!
And 'neath his eyelids embers smart!
He's vowed revenge 'pon Eagle Bold
To be 'complished e'er the moon is old!

In a cabin dark,
Lit by the spark
Of candles blear,
The stakes appear!
The rounded sticks,—
There are but six,—
Kept by exultant Feather Tail!

E'er midnight's toll
The game is old;
Bold Eagle's bride
Ill doth betide!

The candle sputters in the gale.
Bold Eagle survives to tell the tale!
O Great Spirit, take, take to thee
Laughing Mary, e'er the day
Forks in splendor o'er the sea!
O darkness, stay, O darkness, stay!

Laughing Mary gambled away
By Eagle Bold, e'en her dear chief;
Giv'n to treacherous Feather Tail;
In faith, in faith, 'tis 'yond belief!

The Indian bride,
Of laughing breath,
Swift must decide,—
'Tis life or death!

The jewelled flames
Her slender feet,
Bereft of beaded moecasin, greet.
The smouldering coals!
Ah! great the pain!
Her song is vain!

Vain agony, tho' her nerve is grim,
Endured that she may remain with him,- -
Her chief so dear,

Who'll soon appear
With Feather Tail!
Then to the trail —
No power can her torture dim!

Comes Feather Tail with Eagle Bold,
The stake all lost, fair Mary sold;
She shows her heel — with laughing face —
Endurance is the test of race.

The bone all charred; her death-song sure;
Her face is soft, her soul is pure;
She's lost to both — the stake was life!
Her life she gives — now ends all strife

"Tween Feather Tail and Eagle Bold!
Old the story — the legend told;
Laughing Mary wakes in spring
To ride the tides that rivers bring.



**DIALECT SONGS
AND LIGHT VERSE**

KEEP MOVIN'

Niggahs in the co'nfield
Bendin' low, bendin' low.
Niggah in the cotton patch
Watch 'em go, watch 'em go.

"Keep movin', niggahs.
Cotch up, I say.
Don't yo' know ole Mars-tah's
On de way —
Cyan't yo' hear his horse hoofs
Gallopin' down de road!
Keep movin', nig-gahs,
Wid dat load!"

Niggahs in de co'nfield
On de run,
Ole marster's com-in
Wid dat gun!
Hurry up, nig-gahs,
Wid dat load;
Ole marster's com-in'
Down de road!

Whup up, niggahs,
Git er move, git er move;
Swing straight er head
In dat grove, in dat grove!
Git er move on, nig-gahs!
Heave erhead, heave erhead —
Suppah's comin' an' de feader bed!

Niggahs in de co'nfield
Bendin' low, bendin' low,
Keep it up, nig-gahs,
On de go! On de go!

Whup up, niggahs!
Pick dat corn, pick dat co'n!
De moon am er hazin',
All ferlo'n, all ferlo'n!

De sun am er settin',
O' de hill, o' de hill,
De lawd am er lookin'
Ef yer spill, ef yer spill.

Hurry up, nig-gahs,
Wid dat load,
Ole Marster's comin'
A-down — a de — road!

Niggahs in de co'nfield
Restin' easy, restin' easy;
De gals am larf'n'
An' de bucks am breezy!

Niggahs on de home road,
Steppin' high, steppin' high,
Ole Mistis' kerr'dge
A-passin' by — a-passin' by.

YOU'S TREATED ME MEAN

A little brown coon loved a colored maid,
Oh, he loved a maid,
Of a luscious build and a dusky shade;—
Oh! a dusky shade!

She was tall and broad and large in the girth,
Oh! large in girth;
That made her seem of a double worth,
Oh! of double worth!

She told the brown coon she would marry him,
She would marry him!
Then she turned right 'round and "took up"
 with Jim,
She "took up" with Jim!

The little brown coon turned a trifle pale,—
Oh! a trifle pale.
His sad, sad fate with flowing tears bewailed,
With tears bewailed.

*You's treated me mean,
Mah dusky queen!
It is a shame,
Oh! a cru'l shame,
Yet you, mah baby,
I do not berl-lame,
I do not berl-lame;*

*Hit's dat blamed Jim.
Dat I berl-lame,
Dat I berl-lame.
Do you's treated me mean,
Mah dusky queen!
You's treated me shameful,
You's treated me mean.*

O SALLIE ANNE

O Sallie Anne! O Sallie Anne!
Where have you been to-day?
To gather pearls upon a string
Or hearts along the way?

O Sallie Anne! O Sallie Anne!
Who may your sweetheart be?
Jack, John, or Jim, or grand old Ned?
Say, dear, could it be me?

O Sallie Anne! O Sallie Anne!
Fain would I go away,
From your soft wiles, your maiden guiles,
But, hang it! I shall stay!

HOOT, OWL, HOOT! UP DAT TREE

Hoot, owl, hoot, up dat tree!
Whah de yaith kin yo' sinses be,—
A'sleepin' an' sleepin' de hull day thru'
W'en de sun's done come out jes' fur you.

Hoot, owl, hoot, up dat tree!
Yer's jes' er fool niggah, 'deed yer be,
Nary bit o' gumption in yo' haid,—
Asleepin' an' sleepin' lak yer's daid.

Hoot, owl, hoot! up dat tree!
De sun's gone ter sleep wid de bumble bee;
De onery bat's come out f'om 'er hole,
An' de big musk rat's beginnin' ter scole.

Hoot, owl, hoot! up dat tree!
De ole owl wuz daid in de hick-o-ree!
S-sh! s-sh! 'Taint no use
Ter call de cawps er onery goose.

Hoot, owl, hoot, up dat tree —
Ssh — s — sh! Hoot! Hoot!
Hoot, owl, hoot, up dat tree!
Lor' whut er fool free niggah dis chile kin be!

MY LILL' YALLER ROSE

Come, mah lill' Yaller Rose,
Whah de warm south wind blows;
Far from de freezin' snows,—
O mah li'l' Yaller Rose.

We'll go down South togethah;—
Don't ever mind the weathah;—
I'll hol' yo' near mah heart
An' never mo' we'll part,—
O mah lill' Yaller Rose.

*The moon shines on the bayou
The banjos am aplay'n'
While the niggahs dance de breakdown
To de ole fermilliah strain.*

*We'll go down South togethah,
Whah married we will be,
An' ebbery coon what grows
Will want mah Yaller Rose.*

WILL YOU BE MY SQUAW-MAN ?

Way beyond the mountain,
Way out upon the plain,
Weeps an Indian Maiden,—
Her name is “ Little Rain.”

Will you be my squaw-man ?
Will you come be my chief ?
I’m your little Redskin,
Loving to her grief.

Fair Sonoma is my name,
Though I’m called the “ Little Rain ”;
See in me a princess born,
Laughing modesty to scorn.

Will you be my squaw-man ?
Tell Sonoma the Indian,
Patting her beaded feet
Running your love to meet.

I will hoe your rows of corn,
I’ll always drive the plow,
I will kiss away the clouds
From my white chieftain’s brow.

I will carry the papoose,
A running by your side,

I will keep up with the steed
Which you, my chief, may ride.

I will bake the corncake,
Akneeling by the fire,
Sitting humbly at your feet
While you smoke your briar.

I will draw the water
And I will cut the wood.
Will you be my squaw-man
If I promise to be good?

ULLABY, DE CONJURE EYE

Lul-la-by, de conjure eye,
Am lookin' at yeh, honey;
So go bye bye!
De ole black witch
Am comin' wid de switch.
So shet yo' eyes, mah baby,
An' go bye bye.

De ole black debble
Am aspittin' in de fiah,
So lay yo' sleepy haid
On yo' ole Mariah.

De goblins am ascreechin'
Thru de big key-hole;
So go ter sleep, mah baby,
Befo' dey scole.

*Slumbah sweet, mah honey,
On ole mammy's boo-sum,—
De debble's gwine ter ketch yeh, sho!
But ef yeh'll go ter sleep
An' nebber min' ter peep
Ah'll slam 'is tail between de do'.
Nebber min', mah w'ite chile,
Dah! Dah!
Did its mammy skeer it?
Thah! Thah!
Yeh'd bettah go ter sleep,
'Cause de angel yeh'll keep
Awaitin' 'fore de shinin' gate.
He stan's dah awaitin'
Asmilin' all de w'ile,
Fo' mammy's own darlin',
Er li'lle w'ite chile.*

MAMMY'S FAV'RITE

It am mammy's fav'rite kinky head!
Jest let me tuck yer nice in yo' bed;
De ole moon's shinin' thru de blin's—
Fo' it's own mammy's fav'rite sho' it shines.

Mammy's got othah chil'ren, all growed up,
But dey ain' worth a breakfus' let 'lone a sup,
Dey's gwine and got married, up an' gawn;
Dat's w'y mammy's fav'rite come ter be bawn.

De good Lawd know'd how lonesome it wuz,—
Jes' der cat ter pet an' de kittle ter buzz,—
But it's diff'rnt now, mah kinky head!
So lay down quiet, right in yo' bed.

*Go, go ter sleep,
The Shepherd keep
Mah baby safe an' soun'
Blow, blow, wind, blow,—
But softly go
W'en baby is aroun'!*

'Cause he's his mammy's fav'rite baby boy,
He's de onliest one dat gibs 'er joy;
De udders have all gone far away,
But it's mammy's fav'rite's gwine ter stay.

I'M LONESOME AND I'M BLUE

I'm lonesome and I'm blue
Tain't no secret I tell you,
That this here buck's down on his luck —
I'm lonesome and I'm blue.

It's five long years to-day
Since I loved Sarah Fay,
A winsome lass of Jimpson town,
A daisy, I tell you!

She milked the cow by dawn —
Old Brindle, crumpled horn,—
She sewed and baked and made a cake,
I'm lonesome — and I'm — blue.

The years they came and went;
My back was stooped and bent;
I had no time for Sunday clothes;—
I'm lonesome and I'm blue.

Sarah she blurted out,
“I'm going to town, you clout!
A bran' new beau I'll find, you see,
Who in good time will marry me!”

*I'm so lonesome that I'm blue,
It's the truth I tell, I do!
I've bought a swell new swallow-tail,
But Sarah Fay's gone down the rail;
I'm lone-some — and — I'm — blue!*

I'M GOIN' A-COTIN'

I'm goin' aco'tin' keep out'n mah way;
'Cause I don' know what I'm agwine ter say!
Mah mind's made up, mah swallertail's on,—
I'm agoin' aco'tin' sho's you're born.

*Oh, it's co'tin I'm going' ter mah Sary Anne!
Ebberything am swimmin' ter beat de ban'.
Sary comes down like a squushy peach,
An' falls ter de groun' jes' 'm mah reach.*

I'm jes' plumb erazy 'bout dat Sary Anne;
I'm clean pussuaded dat I'm de right man.
But what gits me is what I'm gwine ter say,
Do' I'm goin' aco'tin' dis very same day.

Sary Anne am scrumptious an' mighty fine,
I'm clean abustin' ter call 'er mine.
I takes 'er han' an' I say, "Look a yere,
I'm yo' honey an' you's mah deah."

*I'm goin' a-co'tin', keep out o' de road,
They ain't room fo' two an' you're nary good!
It's me Sary's artah dis berry day,
I'm goin' aco'tin', an' I'm on de way.*

COTTON PICKIN' JOE

It's cotton pickin' time,
What comes ebbery year.
De niggahs am a'singin'
Wid welcum cheer.

Out in de shinin' fields,
Ashinin' lak de snow,
Comes women an' de gals,
Each wid 'er beau.

Dah's makin' goo-goo eyes,
Dah's squeezin' ob de hands,—
Dah's co'tin' 'mong de cotton
In all de lands.

Dah's Cotton Pickin' Joe —
Mah yaller-skinned beau,
De peartest, swiftest hand,
'Cept Sue's ole man.

He meks er scrumptious bow
Astruttin' down de row.
An' Paw he come afussin'—
He comes almos' acussin':

*Hoe, hoe, mah Cotton Pickin' Joe!
Pull de wite cotton f'om ebbery row.
Yo' honey, May Ellen, is comin' on yo' slow:
Pick dat 'ere cotton, mah Cotton Pickin' Joe.*

I'M AGOIN' AWAY

I'm agoin' somewhah, I'm goin' away,
My bonnet's on, an' I'm agoin' to stay;—
I lef' de chillun on de flo',
My ole man apoundin' on de do;—
I'm agoin' away.

*I'm agoin' a-wa-ay,
I'll a be back-a-some-day!
'Zander, mind that kitchen fiah;
Keep yo' sheep's eyes off'n Maria;—
I'm agoin' away.*

I've had no fun an' nary sho',
Seed no theater nor a beau;
Jes' scrubbin an' cookin' an' slavin'
For a man what's drunk an ain't 'havin',—
I'm agoin' away.

I'm agoin' to ride on boat an' train;
I'll see de sights onct mo' ergain;
I'll buy some clo'es what's in de style;
My ole man won't know 'is "white chile;"—
I'm agoin' away.

An' den I'm agoin' on de stage;
I'll bet you'll see I'm all de rage!
I'll bust dem footlights heel an' toe
An' get myse'f a dudish beau,
I'm agoin' a-way.

*I'm agoin' a-wa-ay,
An a-mebbe I'll stay;
I've got de talents, kin not shirk,
Zander, you kin-a-do-de-wuck,
I'm agoin' away.*

SHE'S CULLUD SAME AS ME

Jeems, come quick to yo' lady luv!
Mah heart am growin' cold,
Yo's done flirted with dat yaller gal
Tell I've a mind to scold.

I kno' she kin dance de 'Ginia reel,—
Afloating' down de middle lak er cloud,—
But w'en it comes to de ole cake walk,
Yo' niggah gal 'll do yo' proud.

*She's cullud same ez me,
So coon, jes' let 'er be!
Stop dat — a — goo — gooin' —
I let yo' kno' I ain' foo'in', —
She's cullud same ez me, —
Same —ez — me!*

She's cullud same ez me!
De possum's up de tree!
Go prove yu luv and git 'um
Fo' you comes shy'n ter me —

Stop, dah's 'Manda gwinin'
Ter de meetin' in 'er bes'.
Stay right home an' mend yo' ways —
Dis niggah is de bes':—

She 'tis kin mek de hoe cake brown —
She 'tis dat's genwine goods —
Shucks! dat-a gal's a backin'
Right inter de woods!

She's cullud same ez me!
Ef yer wants me I'll agree
Ter tek yer by pussuasion
Ef dat gal will let yer be.



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